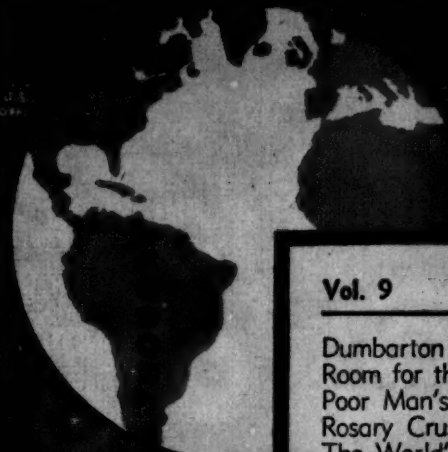


# Catholic Digest

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# CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

This it is that makes the ungodly just, this it is that makes sinners into saints, to wit, the belief in the true Godhead and the true Manhood of the one Jesus Christ our Lord: the Godhead, whereby being before all ages in the form of God, He is equal to the Father; the Manhood, whereby in later days He is united to man in the form of a servant.

St. Leo in Matins of the 7th Day Within the Octave of Epiphany.

## THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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# Catholic Digest

Vol. 9 JANUARY, 1945

No. 3

## Dumbarton Oaks

By HARRY C. KOENIG

Condensed from an address\*

[Father Koenig is librarian of the Feehan Memorial Library at St. Mary's of the Lake Seminary, Mundelein, Ill., chairman of the history committee of the Catholic Association of Peace, and editor of *Principles for Peace*. He compiled the pamphlet, just published, *A Papal Peace Mosaic, 1878-1944*.]

American newspapers on Oct. 10, 1944, carried the text of the Dumbarton Oaks proposals for world security. Commenting on them, President Roosevelt said they "have been made public to permit full discussion by the people of this country prior to the convening of a wider conference on this all-important subject." Here is a perfect occasion for democracy to demonstrate its worth. These proposals are only tentative and a precious opportunity has been offered Catholics to discuss them from the viewpoint of moral principles.

For more than five years now, Pius XII has devoted the better part of his time to the study of the fundamental principles underlying a just and lasting peace. His five-point program is clear,

precise, authoritative. The leadership he has given to Catholics in this field is unparalleled. Having been in the front line of the last two wars, he knows only too well that total war is presenting the most challenging threat to Christian civilization.

Benedict XV outlined plans for a Christian peace. But Catholics throughout the world either remained ignorant of his teaching or failed to heed his injunctions. Today on the battlefields we are paying the bitter price of that tragic failure. Fortunately divine providence is offering to us another chance to apply the Catholic principles enunciated by Pius XII to the complicated problems of war and peace. Will we stand equally as guilty before the bar of history as do the Catholics of 1919?

The leading authorities on international problems agree that the key to universal peace is the establishment of a world organization. The conference

\*Delivered before the Midwest Regional Conference of the Catholic Press Association, St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 10, 1944.

at Dumbarton Oaks worked from Aug. 21 to Oct. 7, 1944, outlining the essential elements of a proposed international institution. Before examining their proposals, we ought to recall that Pius XII unequivocally favors establishment of an international organization. In his latest pronouncement, on the occasion of the 5th anniversary of the war, he stated: "Already, in Our Christmas Message of 1939, We expressed a desire for the creation of international organizations which, while avoiding the lacunae and defects of the past, should be really capable of preserving peace according to the principles of justice and equity, against all possible threat in the future. Since today, in the light of such terrible experience, the desire to secure a new world-wide peace institution of this kind is ever more occupying the attention and care of statesmen and peoples, We gladly express Our pleasure and form the hope that its actual achievement may really correspond in the largest possible measure to the nobility of its end, which is the maintenance of tranquility and security in the world for the benefit of all."

Pius XII is reiterating and further clarifying the progressive stand already taken by such outstanding Pontiffs as Leo XIII, Benedict XV and Pius XI. As the Popes of the 20th century insistently emphasize the necessity of international organization, so also are they agreed that it is not their province to blueprint the specific details of such an institution. Hence it appears that the Vatican admits the necessity of hold-

ing conferences such as Dumbarton Oaks.

Secretary of State Cordell Hull has warned us against overoptimism. He has pointed out that the Dumbarton Oaks proposals are the result of concessions on the part of all the cooperating nations. Accordingly, the plan is not ideal. It has defects, and it is the purpose of this study to search out these defects by a comparison with the papal peace program. But that is not to say that the proposals are a failure or that the whole conference should be condemned.

The tentative proposals are: 1. The world security organization will consist of four bodies: a general assembly, a security council, an international court of justice, and a secretariate.

2. The general assembly will be a forum for discussing all problems relating to peace, security and disarmament. It will appoint an economic and social council of 18 members to study and to make recommendations on the economic and social problems underlying international security.

3. The security council is the decision-making body of the organization. It will investigate all threats to world peace and it will order moral, diplomatic, economic or military action to control such threats. It will consist of five permanent members—the U. S., Great Britain, Russia, China and, in due course, France—and six non-permanent seats to be filled by election.

4. The international court of justice will be the judicial organ of the association.



5. On the secretariate will fall the work of supervising the whole organization. In addition, the secretary-general will have "the right to bring to the attention of the security council any matter which in his opinion may threaten international peace and security"—a prerogative otherwise reserved for nations.

One practical norm for judging the Dumbarton Oaks proposals is to compare them with similar organizations which have been tested by experience. At once the League of Nations comes to mind. Here was a noble experiment which failed. Undoubtedly political-science experts are able to list a considerable number of technical deficiencies in the League, but historians note three major defects: 1. It failed to limit armaments; 2. It lacked sufficient sanctions and had a most cumbersome machinery for applying them; 3. Its regulations were based not on the rock of the natural moral law but on the shifting sands of political expediency. The all-important question is whether these three defects have been eliminated in the Dumbarton Oaks proposals.

Much less attention is paid the problem of disarmament in the new security organization than in the League of Nations. Those who are acquainted with Article VIII of the League are surprised to find out how extraordinarily indefinite the new charter is when it reads: "In order to promote the establishment and maintenance of international peace and security with the least diversion of the world's human and economic resources for arma-

ments, the Security Council, with the assistance of the Military Staff Committee . . . should have the responsibility of formulating plans for the establishment of a system of regulation of armaments for submission to the members of the organization."

Compare this lip service with what Pius XII said in his 1939 Christmas allocution: "Any peaceful settlement which fails to give fundamental importance to a mutually agreed, organic and progressive disarmament, spiritual as well as material, or which neglects to ensure the effective and loyal implementing of such an agreement, will sooner or later show itself lacking in coherence and vitality." Unless the final draft of the new charter is more specific on disarmament, we can prophesy that it "will sooner or later show itself to be lacking in coherence and vitality." Indeed it is unfortunate that the statesmen at Dumbarton Oaks apparently have forgotten that when Germany left the League of Nations in 1933 and embarked upon its present mad course the chief point at issue was armaments.

Closely allied to the problem of disarmament lies the big question of military conscription. Compulsory military service has been the bane of Europe, and Catholics in this country are liable to fall victim to the specious reasoning used in advocating this breeder of war. The great Cardinal Gasparri, interpreting the mind of Benedict XV, has written that "once obligatory military service has been suppressed by common accord and voluntary service in-

troduced in its stead, we would have, without any disturbance of public order, almost automatically a complete disarmament, with all the benefits consequent thereon. Compulsory military service has been the true cause of so many evils for more than a century; in its simultaneous and reciprocal suppression lies the true remedy." Therefore when we promote disarmament, let us never forget that, without the abolition of conscription, disarmament will always remain a vain delusion.

The second defect that has been ascribed to the League of Nations is that it lacked adequate sanctions and had a most cumbersome machinery for applying them. The practical sanctions enumerated in Article XVI of the League's Covenant were economic and financial. The history of the League of Nations proved that economic sanctions are not enough. Synthetic products devised by the ingenious mind of man have dealt economic sanctions a lethal blow. This fact was recognized by the Dumbarton Oaks Conference and it proposed military sanctions, with marked emphasis on an international air force.

Though Pius XII has not advocated an international police force as such, he has clarified this whole question in two recent addresses. Speaking to the world on Christmas Eve of 1943, he said: "A true peace is not the mathematical result of a proportion of forces, but in its last and deepest meaning is a moral and juridical process. It is not, in fact, achieved without the employment of force, and its very existence needs

the support of a normal measure of power. But the real function of this force, if it is to be morally correct, should consist in protecting and defending, and not in lessening or suppressing rights."

In these words Pius XII resolutely opposes those who foolishly suppose that lasting peace can be maintained by a balance of power. For 20 years after the last war France tried vainly through a rapid succession of paper treaties to establish her security on a balance of power. The only result was the tragic fall of France in 1940. But although permanent peace is not secured by a balance of power, the Pope insists that a normal measure of force is needed to preserve peace. Here he does not appear to be considering the ordinary police required to enforce internal order in a nation nor does he seem to be thinking merely in terms of national defense. Rather is he speaking of international peace and the requisite force for maintaining it.

Perhaps because some Catholics did not understand the full meaning of his words, Pius XII returned to this subject in his address on the 5th anniversary of the war. Here he speaks in language that will be clear to all. "The sword can, and sometimes, alas, must open the way to peace. The shadow of the sword may be cast also over the transition from the cessation of hostilities to the formal conclusion of peace. The threat of the sword may appear inevitable even after the conclusion of peace, in order to safeguard within legally necessary and morally justified

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limits the observance of just obligations and prevent attempts at new conflicts." From this statement we can legitimately conclude that within certain limits there is moral justification for using arms to enforce just obligations and to prevent the outbreak of new wars. This, I submit, represents something new in papal doctrine. It cannot be found in the writings of Leo XIII, Benedict XV or Pius XI. It proves that the present Holy Father is fully aware that the age of the paratrooper, the superfortress and the robot bomb needs a stronger sanction than a boycott to maintain international peace. On this point Pope Pius XII and the statesmen of Dumbarton Oaks are in essential agreement.

But Dumbarton Oaks has not provided satisfactory machinery for using this force. This ultimately depends upon the voting procedure in the security council. Here the representatives of the United Nations could not agree. We are told that in the case of aggression by a nation not a permanent member of the security council, force could be used only after a majority vote of the security council, including the unanimous consent of the permanent members. In the event of aggression by one of the permanent members of the council, Russia insisted the aggressor nation should have the right to veto the use of force. The U. S., Great Britain, and China opposed this position.

The whole idea of permanent and nonpermanent members of the security council has been severely criticized. It appears to make the security council

just a cloak for a power alliance. If it is accepted without reservations, it cannot be defended either from moral principles or from history. It repeats that defect of the League of Nations which made it an instrument for maintaining the *status quo*. In the security council established by the Covenant of the League both Japan and Italy were permanent members. Later, both became aggressors. What is to prevent the permanent members of the United Nations from embarking on the same disastrous course, thus destroying international peace? If a single vote of a permanent member, whether an aggressor or not, is allowed to veto the use of force, what protection will the small nations have against the great powers?

It ought to be apparent to everyone that after this war, the preservation of peace will for some time devolve on the armed forces of the victors. Idealists must be realistic enough to accept this foregone conclusion. Were they for this reason successfully to oppose the establishment of an international institution, they would be guilty of a tragic crime against humanity. But realists must be idealistic enough to admit that, when passions and hatreds have cooled after a few years, peace cannot be maintained without adequate machinery for revising unjust treaties and for correcting defects of the international organization's own structure: there must be a practical method of amending the new charter; and this must not be hamstrung by requiring the unanimous consent of the

permanent members of the security council. In this respect the Dumbarton proposals are manifestly deficient.

The third and principal defect of the League was the fact that the sole motivating force behind observance of its provisions was utilitarian interests of individual nations, who supported the articles of the League as long as they favored their national advantage. But when there arose a conflict between their national interests and the common welfare of the international community, they were not willing to fulfill the League's requirements.

Many of the League's ordinances were wise. No one can read the Covenant without being deeply impressed by its lofty provisions. Many of them have been incorporated in the Dumbarton Oaks proposals. But these injunctions failed during the existence of the old League because they were not founded on justice and the moral law. And they will fail again more disastrously if the United Nations are guided by the same slippery utilitarianism.

If you read the Dumbarton Oaks proposals, you will be surprised to find no mention of God, religion, morality, the natural law, nor what is hardly credible in a plan for peace, of justice, except to state that one constituent organ of the institution will be an International Court of Justice. It is difficult to believe our statesmen worked seven weeks on this blueprint for peace without giving a thought to these fundamental concepts. If Pius XI were still living, he might have said of Dumbar-

ton Oaks what he said of another international conference: "In all this going and coming, meeting, discussing and research on the part of so many eminent personages, so many learned men, there is no mention of God; and it increases the fear of what we see in part already: the fear that God, after having made us feel the weight of His justice, perhaps after making us feel it yet more heavily, will have nothing else to do save to leave us to act by ourselves, leave us poor men to ourselves, leave us to act without Him."

Perhaps the statesmen of Dumbarton Oaks would like to know what Pius XII thinks of their efforts. Here is his constructive criticism, as valid as though it were written yesterday: "The world will enjoy peace and order, which is its indispensable condition, only if men responsible for the government of peoples and their reciprocal relations renounce the cult of might employed against right; if, recognizing that morality with a purely human basis is insufficient, they accept the supreme authority of the Creator as the basis of all individual and collective morality, and if they render to the Father in heaven the homage wished by Him of fraternal concord among His children of all countries and languages. Then only will they succeed in effectuating and perfecting a stable, fruitful international organization such as is desired by men of good will, an organization which, respecting the rights of God, will be able to assure the reciprocal independence of nations big and small, to impose fidelity to agree-



ments loyally agreed upon, and to safeguard the sound liberty and dignity of the human person."

Anyone who has read the addresses of President Roosevelt, Cordell Hull, Prime Minister Churchill, Anthony Eden, and Chiang Kai-Shek is enheartened by their frequent references to the absolute necessity for religion, morality, justice, for world peace. Yet, in the document which their governments offer to us for the world-security organization, secularism is rampant.

Instead of blaming these statesmen, let us remember they are representing their respective peoples. If their people are convinced that peace is not merely the absence of war but that it is the work of justice, then these men will write justice and morality and religion into these documents. But until their people are persuaded that Christian principles are necessary for a lasting peace, then the blame falls upon those who have the duty to teach these principles to the people.



### A Principle of Security

A French writer, Pascal, stated nearly three centuries ago, in language which may be freely translated as follows:

"Power without justice is tyranny. Justice without power is meaningless, for the wicked will always contest it. Power without justice stands condemned. We must, then, reconcile justice with power, so that which is just shall be strong and that which is strong shall be just."

We approach a moment when power in this world will reside, at least for a time, with three nations, one of which is the U. S. Power will have come to those three nations because the major portion of the human race joined with them to suppress an atrocious tyranny, a black-hearted conspiracy against mankind. To that point justice will have prevailed against injustice. The problem will remain of keeping justice in the councils of power and power under the control of justice. To that end machinery is already being devised, with its combination of big nations and little nations, duties and responsibilities.

But justice does not originate in machinery. It originates in people's consciences. It is not enough that this nation shall make sure, by treaties and by organization of its own strength, that no one shall do us wrong. The world will not be secure, nor shall we be secure in the world, until we are resolved, and not only resolved but committed intelligently to a program, not to do wrong, by pride or carelessness or ambition, to others.

Security may be found at last to reside in an ancient principle, the Golden Rule.

*The New York Times* (17 Sept. '44).



# Room for the Ebony Christ?

By JOHN E. COOGAN, S.J.

Harvest field

Condensed from the *Review for Religious*\*

**Slowly but** surely the American Negro apostolate is commanding Catholic attention. Five years ago Pius XII expressed his "special paternal affection" for our colored, and invoked "an abundance of heavenly blessings" upon religious and educational efforts in their behalf. Since that time, echoing this interest, the American hierarchy, through the administrative board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, has repeatedly thrown its influence behind the efforts of "our colored fellow citizens" in their fight for social justice, adding, "We fully appreciate their many native gifts and aptitudes which, ennobled and enriched by a true Christian life, will make them a powerful influence in the establishment of a Christian social order."

Negro Catholics should now increase. Catholics of every nationality and color must feel it intolerable that their Church should have the allegiance of but one in 50 of the American Negro millions. The traditional demand of the Church that each racial group be encouraged to contribute its best to the ranks of a native clergy gives some promise of bearing fruit. At present there are but 18 Negro priests in this country, little more than one for each million of their racial fellows; but there are almost 100 such seminarians

in the U. S. on their way to the altar. It should soon be possible for us to disprove the bitter charge that "it is easier for a colored young man to become a priest in Uganda than it is in the U. S."

One reason for hope in the Negro apostolate is the lack of traditional antipathy on the part of the colored for the Church. Race leaders for the most part realize that, in spite of the failure of individual Catholics, the debt of the Negro to the Church is great both absolutely and relatively. Wherever their paths have joined, the Church herself has been found a loving, self-sacrificing guard and guide. While this is true of conditions in Africa itself, the American Negro leader is now better acquainted with the fact that it has also been the case in the New World. Historians of both Americas have not been slow to concede the zeal of the Church herself for the Negro during the entire period of slavery and after. Of the historians who tell that story in most detail and with greatest appreciation, the eminent non-Catholic Negro, Dr. Carter Woodson, is outstanding. When in his many volumes Dr. Woodson has occasion to speak of the Catholic Church it is with respect and gratitude; and since his words are widely read by the leaders of his race, the impression he has created is most happy.

The story he has taught his people

\*St. Mary's College, St. Marys, Kan. Nov. 15, 1944.

begins with South America and his declaration that "being mainly Catholics, the Latins had more compassion for the lowly, and treated the Negro slaves more sympathetically than did the Protestant pioneers that settled in what is now known as the U. S." He explains that the Latin missionaries were so much more kindly disposed towards Negroes than were the Protestant English that the latter feared the Negroes would make common cause with the Latins in event of war. Slavery, he says, tended to become milder in Latin America with the passage of time, while in the U. S. it became more severe. While our slave states made laws to prevent Negroes from learning or being taught, Latins were much more liberal in the matter of secular education and more zealous for religious instruction. Almost all plantations in Latin America had chapels and priests to minister to all: "Negroes both bond and free were thoroughly instructed just as any other elements of the colonial population. They had their own religious societies under the direction of leaders of their race, and they participated both actively and passively in the work of the Church."

Contrasting the interest shown the slaves by the Catholic and the Protestant clergy, Dr. Woodson says that the more secure position of the priest enabled him to stand forth in opposition to oppression; while, on the other hand, in Protestant America "it was very seldom that the clergy on slave territory had sufficient courage to object to

cruel treatment of slaves. The Catholic clergy of Latin America tended to treat the slave as a brother of the white communicant, with God as the Father of all; and this principle tended to become a working principle wherever the Catholic religion had full sway." And the historian strikingly adds: "While the Protestant slaveholders in the U. S. were writing and rewriting arguments to prove that the Negroes were brutes and, therefore, should be enslaved as beasts of burden, the Catholics were accepting the Negroes as brethren and treating them as men."

With their freedom, Latin Americans gave the colored the rights and privileges possessed by the whites among whom they lived: "This element of the Negro population held public offices, served as clergymen of both races, and even held bishoprics in the Catholic Church"; whereas in Protestant America, "in freedom the Negroes have encountered every sort of race prejudice and discrimination and have found the door of opportunity closed in their faces." Dr. Woodson calls "Protestant and Teutonic" the spirit that in North America hampered the development of the ex-slave: he "was to be a slave turned loose to make his own living rather than to solve the problem by permanent attachment to a master."

But to the North American Catholic also, not merely to the Latin, this able Negro historian teaches his people they are indebted. Regarding the former both before and after the American Revolution, he says: "Wherever they had the opportunity to give slaves reli-

gious instruction, they generally taught to the unfortunates everything that would broaden their horizon and help them understand life. The abolitionists and Protestant churches were also in the field, but the work of the early Fathers in these cities was more effective."

Maryland, as a special center of Catholic life, he makes noteworthy: "The Catholics admitted the colored people to their churches on equal footing with others when they were driven to the galleries of the Protestant churches. Furthermore, they continued to admit them to their parochial schools. The Sisters of Georgetown trained colored girls, and the parochial school of the Aloysius church at one time had as many as 250 pupils of color. Many of the first colored teachers of the District of Columbia obtained their education in those schools." Dr. Woodson has taught his people too that when the other churches adopted the policy of mere verbal training, with no reading or writing, Quakers and Catholics adhered to their idea that the Negroes should be educated to a thorough grasp of the meaning of the Christian religion; it was, he claims, the zeal of Catholics for conversion of the Negro that aroused the Puritans to imitation. These latter, "like the An-

glicans, felt sufficient compunction of conscience to take steps to Christianize the slaves, lest the Catholics, whom they had derided as being undesirable churchmen, put Protestants to shame."

If the Negro is to become Catholic he must be made to see that, as in Latin America and in our own land in former days, Mother Church is still no mere white man's Church. The American Negro must not be "Jim-Crowd" in his approach to Christ. Pulpit and pew alike must labor to bridge the chasm that surely seems to divide the children of a common Father before the altar of God. If our Catholic institutions are not to be unworthy of the cross they bear, they must add to their present too dove-like prudence more of the wisdom of the serpent, to find the ways and means of administering without discrimination to our religious brethren no matter what their color. This means that to be truly Catholic, world wide, our hospitals must heal the wounds of whatever race, our orphanages must cease proclaiming that no colored need apply, our parishes must gladly admit to full parish rights all of Christ's brethren living within those parish limits. And our Catholic schools must scorn sending Catholic colored children from their halls to the halls of Horace Mann.

## Will

It is a difficult and painful task to make a will, because then, for the first time, you realize that you are living on leased securities, and that you cannot take anything but your character with you.

O. A. Battista.

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# Poor Man's Bishop

By VICTOR D. PORTER

Condensed from the *Inter-American*\*

**Msgr. Miguel** de Andrea, titular Bishop of Temnos, is one of the few Argentines who can still safely speak out for democracy.† Ever since 1900, when he returned from his studies in Rome, the stocky five-foot-five ecclesiastic has fought vigorously and effectively for the underdog. He has struggled for tolerance of labor unions, the right to strike, decent wages, government regulation of industry to protect labor, a more equal distribution of wealth, and wider ownership of property.

Though this program was in line with Pope Leo XIII's ideas of social justice, it was a bombshell to the conservative, wealthy Argentine ruling classes, and the crusading young priest met with bitter opposition. Probably the only thing that enabled Father de Andrea to carry on in Buenos Aires was his tremendous popularity with the people. Otherwise powerful conservative groups would have eased him out of the way.

Bishop de Andrea's activities inevitably brought him into politics, and the attacks increased. In those early days, Argentina's socialist party was just blossoming out, and Dr. Nicolas Repetto, Juan B. Justo, and luxuriously bewhiskered Dr. Alfredo Palacios were the great orators. Traditionally atheist

socialists bristled with doubt of a man whose social philosophy, though resembling their own, was derived from papal teachings.

Quietly, the socialists investigated the priest's private life. They found that he lived simply, had no money except what he earned by priestly labors, and did not seem to hanker for power or public office. Then they unbent, and although de Andrea has never joined the party, they took him into a partnership which has lasted many years. At one juncture the prelate was seriously suggested as vice-presidential candidate on a ticket with Dr. Palacios. But the priest refused to run.

Miguel de Andrea was born in 1877 in Navarro, a village in the province of Buenos Aires. His parents were poor Italian immigrants to the New World. When Leo XIII issued his encyclical *Rerum Novarum* (*Concerning New Things*) on May 15, 1891, de Andrea was an impressionable youth studying for the priesthood. The then revolutionary social principles in the document fired the boy's imagination. He dreamed of the day when he could study in Rome and perhaps even be received by the Pope.

It was not long before his dream came true. The young seminarian was sent to Rome's Colegio Pio Latino Americano and to the Gregorian uni-

†See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Dec., 1942, p. 71.



versity. There he studied and discussed *Rerum Novarum* with ecclesiastical scholars. By the time he was ordained in 1899 (by special papal dispensation, for he was only 22), he had found his vocation as champion of the working classes. At a time when few U. S. seminaries offered courses in economics or sociology, young Miguel de Andrea prepared for his lifework by taking his doctorate in these subjects.

Monsignor de Andrea is best known in Argentina for promotion of the welfare of women workers. In fact, his birthday, June 5, is celebrated nationally as Women Workers' day. In 1937 the democratic prelate launched a vigorous campaign on behalf of the overworked and underpaid garment workers, who toiled at home from ten to 12 hours a day for 60 and 65 centavos. These women now earn four to seven pesos a day, thanks to the Protective Law for Home Workers, sponsored by de Andrea and finally approved in 1941.

In keeping with his conviction that workers need the protection of trade unions, Bishop de Andrea brought 100,000 of the country's women workers into the Federation of Women Workers' Catholic Association, comprising 26 different organizations.

"The federation's name reveals its ideology," says Monsignor de Andrea, "for it is not a religious organization, but rather a socio-economic organization which non-Catholics may also join."

The federation has a five-story clubhouse. Not unlike one of the larger

Y.W.C.A.'s in the U. S., Monsignor de Andrea's *Casa de la Empleada* is one of Argentina's outstanding institutions. For monthly dues of 30c, members participate in a social-insurance system whereby families receive a benefit of 200 pesos in the event of the member's death.

Classes in domestic science and commercial subjects are given, and there is a library with thousands of volumes, several reading rooms, and a movie theater. A delicious three-course luncheon is served in the huge dining room for 12c. This feature of the membership has been a godsend to many employees who cannot afford to eat out but cannot go home for lunch because of Buenos Aires' transportation bottleneck.

The club also has several rest camps near Buenos Aires, and vacation places at Mar del Plata and Córdoba. Members are given special low rates on railways and in many shops. Medical clinics, to which 23 doctors and 15 nurses volunteer their services, have been set up.

Members like to tell about how they got those clinics. When the clubhouse was built, Monsignor de Andrea asked the members what they thought was most needed. Almost unanimously, the women asked for a good clinic.

The Bishop was eager to establish this service, but he had used up all his savings on the building. And he expected no more donations. So he decided to sell all the gifts he had received from his parishioners. Among them was a costly jeweled pectoral



cross given him in Madrid 12 years before by a Spanish nobleman, when the Bishop baptized his daughter. He was able to sell the cross for a better price than he had expected, and some time later he discovered why.

During a trip in the province of Buenos Aires, the Bishop was invited to confirm the child he had baptized years before. After the ceremony, the girl's father presented him with the same cross he had given him in Spain. Before Monsignor could recover from his surprise, the father said, "If Your Excellency ever needs funds for the federation and needs to sell this cross, I shall buy it again. And, by the way, it will be returned to you on my daughter's wedding day."

Basing his social philosophy principally on the teachings of Pope Leo XIII in *Rerum Novarum*, Monsignor de Andrea has for many years defended the right of workers to organize in unions of their own choosing. His social philosophy has led people to call him everything from communist to fascist. During postwar prosperity, along about 1930, when he was appointed titular Bishop of Temnos, people who stood to lose by his doctrines branded de Andrea a communist. They had begun to realize that the young priest was not merely indulging a hot-headed enthusiasm of the moment, but was embarked on a life-long campaign. More recently, as the ideological struggle between democracy and fascism became more clear-cut in Argentina, with Axis sympathizers in important government posts, the label

has changed. He is sneeringly called a democrat. Bishop de Andrea, however, has his own label. He calls his social philosophy Christian democracy.

Bishop de Andrea has a round and chubby face, rosy cheeks, and greenish-gray eyes which always seem to be smiling. While he has a way of gazing steadily at you, his glance is not sharp, but has a benign, thoughtful quality.

Calm in manner, Monsignor de Andrea moves and talks with pondered deliberation. You feel that he is weighing every word and sizing up the person he is addressing. People with an uneasy conscience are said to be uncomfortable in his presence, for they feel as though he were reading their thoughts.

Although he is easily moved to tears by hard-luck stories and is forever digging in his pocket to help someone in real or fancied distress, he has a gay, fun-loving nature. His hearty, spontaneous laugh is infectious, and you cannot help laughing with him. He likes mild practical jokes, and pulls them on his close friends.

Although he is 67, the Bishop enjoys horseback riding and swimming. When he goes riding he wears a curious short black cassock. He is fond of *bocci* ball, an Italian game played with wooden balls; in fact, he is the champion among the Argentine clergy. In summer he spends his vacation at his little house at Punta Mogotes, on the other side of Mar del Plata. There he enjoys swimming at a stretch of beach in front of the cottage.

Bishop de Andrea came to the U. S.

two years ago at the invitation of the NCWC to participate in the Inter-American Seminar for Social Studies. He was especially impressed by the huge war plants, evidence of the great war effort on the home front, and Sumner Welles, with whom he evidently hit it off right away.

But the Bishop was a bit overwhelmed by two things: the hearty North American handshake, and liking for big cigars. In Argentina he is used to holding out his hand for the customary kissing of his episcopal ring. But in the U. S. people simply grabbed his hand and squeezed, causing the large ring to bruise his fingers. He soon found a way out. He stuck the ring in his pocket, and when he saw someone coming, he beat him to the draw. He would hold out both hands and grasp the other man's hand tightly. This self-protective effusiveness added to his

popularity and everybody was happy.

Monsignor does not smoke, but practically every man he met cordially offered him a cigar. At first he politely declined. He spoke in Spanish, and each time someone had to translate for him. At last he tired of this complicated system and took to accepting the cigars, which he later passed on.

Unquestionably this white-haired, quiet-spoken man has been a great force for good in his country. Although he has taken no active part in politics, he has made his democratic influence felt through his speeches and through his advice to the politicians and churchmen of all faiths who have consulted him.

Because of this, his enemies call him the Red Bishop. His thousands of admirers, however, know him as *El Obispo de los Pobres*, the Poor Man's Bishop.



### That Jones Family

Not until I read the prediction, "You will probably be permitted to build a house in 1945 and buy a car in 1946" did I actually realize just what we women are in for. We've got to start keeping up with the Joneses again.

Even though the old car runs all right and has stood by us like a faithful friend, we'll think we have to have a new one when Mrs. Jones starts buzzing by in a gleaming new model. And we'll have no convincing alibi for not getting in the silly race.

But it's been easy and comfortable while it lasted, hasn't it, being able to do without things? If it just weren't for Mrs. Jones we could go along comfortably, for years, wearing things out and making them do and talking all the while about the things we are going to buy in the distant future.

But you know Mrs. Jones. She will have the first of everything released, and you and I won't be happy until we get something just as good, or a little better.

Ruth Millette in her N. E. A. column *We Women* (17 Nov. '44).

# Rosary Crusade

By GRACE MITCHELL

Condensed from the Boston *Sunday Globe*\*

Mrs. Garrity, who, with a Boston Sister, instituted the movement which has resulted in the sending of thousands of knotted-cord rosaries to the South Pacific, was recently named a "good neighbor" on the Blue network's *Breakfast at Sardi's* program. She is thus among the candidates for the title of "America's No. 1 good neighbor of 1944," to whom will be awarded a \$1,000 war bond at ceremonies early in 1945.

**Medical** corpsmen found him badly wounded in the jungle on Bougainville. They gave him plasma, placed him on a stretcher, and he was soon on his way atop a tank to the 21st Evacuation hospital. In the hospital, he opened his eyes and begged: "A rosary; please give me a rosary."

There wasn't a chaplain around just then but there was a rosary as surely meant for him as though his name was on it. They laid the cross in his hands and twined the cord round his fingers, white and weakened by loss of blood. Soon a satisfied smile faintly lit up his face, for from the time he received his First Communion until this recent battle a rosary had been his constant companion.

Thus did Father Anthony Svedas of Connecticut write home from Bougainville to the Rosary Crusaders in appreciation of their untiring efforts in supplying handmade rosaries to men overseas. Father Svedas remarked, "A man in battle often loses everything. His first request is for a rosary."

Members of the Rosary Crusaders are now legion, yet this labor of love began in a small way. The idea originated at the Academy of the Assumption in Wellesley Hills. Quite early in this war, Chaplain R. A. W. Farrell, USNR, of the carrier *Yorktown*, wrote to one of the Sisters at the academy, asking if she could provide a substitute for the ordinary rosary, which was becoming difficult to replace when lost. Such rosaries were also continually breaking; the metal chain corroded in the tropics. The cord rosary was the answer.

Father Farrell is a Dominican and knew well that ours were not the first soldiers to carry rosaries into battle. St. Dominic, in 1208, was visited in a vision by the blessed Virgin, who gave him the Rosary. This was the most precious token of her love, to be used as an alphabet of prayer and be the life companion of her devoted children. Soon after, the rosary was carried by soldiers of Count de Montfort; instructed by St. Dominic, they recited it before the battle of Muret in 1213. De Montfort ascribed his victory, under God, to the Rosary, and built at Muret the first chapel of the Rosary.

In answer to the appeal of Father Farrell, a little group of volunteers began their apostolate, to provide not only the men on the *Yorktown* with,

\*Boston, Mass. Oct. 22, 1944.

new rosaries, but also any chaplain, Army, Navy, Coast Guard or Marine, who wished these "weapons of prayer" for their boys. Gradually, the movement expanded, and today it consists of various groups of women, many of whom have sons in service. Thus the Rosary Crusade was established.

The pioneer Crusaders have as their leader Mrs. Bernard Garrity of Roslindale, past president of the Catholic Action Guild of the Sacred Heart church, a former Girl Scout leader, and a vocational language teacher. There is a beaten path to the door of 8 Eastbourne Street, where Mrs. Garrity keeps open house Monday nights, so completed rosaries can be returned, new members taught to make them, and material taken home to be made up the following week. Those rosaries are distributed gratis to chaplains.

Another crusade, equally active, is under the leadership of Miss Loretta Sullivan and her two sisters, Mary and Catherine. Every Tuesday night a representative group from many Boston suburbs gathers at their home in Jamaica Plain. So expeditious are these workers that the comment was made

that "a traffic cop is almost necessary to lead the way through the rosaries" that hang here and there in the special rosary room in various stages of completion.

Belfast cord, firm, tightly woven, and washable, was found most suitable for these substitute beads. A crucifix and medal of plastic material complete the rosary, so there is no metal to induce infection under the scorching sun of the South Pacific.

The clearinghouse for all groups is Assumption Academy. Here the completed rosaries are arranged in bundles of 10: blue for the Navy and Coast Guard; tan or brown for the Army; and green for the Marines. It is left to the "patron saints of the boys and the postal system" to get them to their destination.

The Rosary Crusaders have grown into a large family, for the work has spread rapidly across the country. At the Long Island hospital in Boston harbor, wheel-chair patients have become adept at this handiwork; the blind in their homes are tying knots, and Gray Ladies of the Red Cross are teaching it in hospitals.



### Private Treaty

At the beginning of their married life, an English couple made the following arrangement. Whenever he had a bad day at the office, he would put his hat well over to the left side of his head on returning home. If she had a bad day at home, she would put on her apron back to front. Each undertook to respect the other's danger signal and the arrangement has worked well. They are still happily married after 48 years.

Brigid De Vine in the *Universe* (30 June '44).



# The World's Greatest Cattleman

By CLEE WOODS

The last rider

Condensed from *True*\*

The big *ladino* broke away from the roundup herd and made for the mesquite as a rider 80 years old, muttering his chagrin, jerked down his rope and raced after him. Coffee-hued *vaqueros* looked on in amazement. El Patron was getting too old for such work.

The man chasing the perverse steer was Don Luis Terrazas. His croppy beard was snow white, his frame short and slight. He wore the cattleman's black, wide-brimmed Stetson, knee-high boots, and workday shirt and breeches. But he did not belong in Texas, Montana or Arizona. Don Luis, of fair skin, blue eyes and curly hair, was of the very warp and woof of northern Mexico.

A *vaquero* gasped, "*Mira*, he's tying into him!"

The long rawhide *lazo* looped out, fell well-timed about the steer's neck. The old man leaned away from his catch, gave the *lazo* a little rolling flip. The big steer's head jerked sideways, his rump skewed around, and he hit the ground.

There never can be another like Don Luis, because it's a different world now. There never before had been one like him, because he made his own world as he went along. He conceived that world from nothing, and by this roundup day in 1909 he had made it so real and vast that even a generation

later the whole great state of Chihuahua bears his imprint as ineradicably as one of his rugged bulls bore his brand.

The history of the cow kingdoms of the Americas can no more be told without Don Luis Terrazas than U. S. history can without George Washington. In any year from 1880 to 1910, he owned more cattle than any other man in all recorded history. He never inherited one hoof. He began about 1845, when he was only 16, by buying single animals and little bunches of stock, and taking them in to his slaughterhouse for retail trade. From then on Luis Terrazas displayed such amazing sagacity in the cattle business that he might well be studied by all American ranchers of 1944.

His wealth in cattle, sheep, horses and land must be audited from the figures written by legends, hearsay and guesswork. Probably no man but Don Luis knew even approximately how many cattle he owned. His own books never could have come within 10,000 head of being accurate because of the exigencies of a vast and wild domain where a complete roundup was never possible. Don Luis himself, 21 years after his death, is such a legendary figure that even his 200 direct descendants can speak only of the legend built up about him in Chihuahua.

\*1501 Broadway, New York City, 18, December, 1944.



Estimates of his cattle at their peak vary from a mere 300,000 to 750,000. A contemporary writer, neighbor to Don Luis, credited Don Luis with 200,000 sheep and 100,000 horses. In 1910 he branded 200,000 calves. He owned 6,600,000 acres and controlled public lands until his cattle grazed over 28 million acres, more than all Ohio. He owned the Minero Bank of Chihuahua, had substantial holdings in four other banks. He had extensive industrial and real-estate interests in Chihuahua City.

He had a great hacienda on each of 12 interlocking ranches. He lived in a luxurious mansion in Chihuahua City. His summer home, Quinta Carolina, five miles out, was a place Hollywood would have coveted. But physical possessions are only an index to the real wealth of Don Luis. The man's greatest riches lay in his manner of living. He had more than mansions and millions; he had breadth and depth and simplicity and humbleness. He also had magnificence.

Granted that Luis Terrazas was a feudal lord over Chihuahua, deriving financial advantage as an integral part of the regime of Porfirio Diaz, the man himself emerges as an individual of such tremendous ability that he would have made himself great in any period of Mexico or in any corner of the world of his day. He was an *hacendado* who ruled his peons by the mode of his day, but nevertheless he resisted an almost irresistible temptation to become a tyrant. He was stern to individuals, but he looked after his peons with a father-

ly anxiety, tolerated their failings to a point of indulgence.

The least of his haciendas had about 200 on it. The largest, Encinillas, about 2,000. In addition to his own *quinta*, or country house, on each of his 12 haciendas, he built a church, a school-house, and ample quarters for employees, all surrounded by a great wall the gate of which was locked every night against Apaches, *bandidos*, or other harm. He saw that a priest visited each church as often as possible; every Sunday Don Luis went to Mass.

He rode with his cowboys and made it a point to be present at each roundup. He straddled his own "cut" horse and cut out his own steers for market. It was open-range cutting at that, for they just couldn't make corrals big enough for such herds.

When they did make a corral, it usually was hung together by rawhide; pairs of posts thonged together at the top and the pole rails tied between the posts with strips cut from green hides. In slack times after roundup, Don Luis kept his *vaqueros* busy. He dreaded idle weeks. Often he would set them building stone corrals. Up and down the breadth of Chihuahua you still see these massive stone corrals with cattle in them, little different from 60 years ago. You see, too, stone fences, beginning in the flats and running for miles out over grassy, treeless mountains.

Useful as these improvements were, they were woefully inadequate. When 200 *vaqueros* swung into their hard, high-horned saddles at five on a frosty

morning, and fanned out on circle, they had orders to throw their day's gather into a central bunching ground. Occasionally an American rider would be among them. The rest were Mexicans, almost to a man garbed in huge bell-shaped hats and calico shirts, with heavy bits and spurs and long, pig-snout *tapaderas* dragging in cat's-claw and grama grass as they rode.

By midday the cattle were pouring in: squint-eyed, small-muzzled, hump-shouldered stuff of all spots and colors. Day after day the hardy, dark-skinned cowboys shoved them in, until 20,000 might be held loosely in one herd.

What difference if a brindle steer did get away? He'd have 65,000 more to export that fall, when the last four-year-old steer was in the cars and rolling for the Chicago stockyards, via El Paso. His own big slaughter pens at Chihuahua City would handle thousands more, to supply city meat markets and mining camps. Why did the white-bearded old man take after one recalcitrant?

Because that was his way of ranching. His very way of life. Precise, prompt attention to each detail, no matter how small. "No matter where you are or what you are doing," he would tell his men repeatedly, "when you see a loco weed or a cocklebur, get down and pull it up. When you see a rattlesnake, get down and kill it. Snakes kill cattle and people."

Don Luis made each ranch self-sustaining. Peons on each grew frijoles, corn, chili, and the other foodstuffs needed for themselves and the *va-*

*queros*. Don Luis kept on improving seeds, insisting on better methods. He imported fruit trees from the U. S.

The man seemed to have a rare gift of living ahead of his time, a fact all the more remarkable in his country. Despite his once having fought against us, he forgave readily, and manifested a steadfast friendship for us. He saw the advantage of his children and grandchildren being educated in the U. S. So the boys were sent to prep schools and colleges, the girls to convents.

Don Luis was too plain of heart and thought to be given to ostentation, yet he had a magnificent manner. He loved his family devotedly, even down to the fifth generation he lived to see. He insisted on gathering them on any excuse. Saints' days, wedding anniversaries, birthdays, holidays, all were celebrated. He had eight daughters and four sons, and they had big families. The Sunday dinners at his royal Quinta Carolina in the summer were nothing less than banquets. One hundred of the family in the dining room was an ordinary dinner. With friends and other kin, the tables not infrequently were set for 200. His oldest daughter, widowed early, supervised the cooking with the preciseness of her father. Two fat steers were killed every week for meat. The hacienda had its own bakery. There was a big nursery, although his own babies were adults when Quinta Carolina was built in 1896.

Clay Pridemore, an American cowboy who used to work for Don Luis,

says, "Every morning at roundup time that old white-bearded fellow would crawl on a salty bronc. If he failed to pitch a little, the old man would get off and call for a saltier one."

Don Luis made a favorite of his grandson, Luis Laguette, from the time the boy was large enough to ride with him everywhere. Luis now owns the old Terrazas brand.

Luis Laguette told me, "When I went with my grandfather, I had to roll out every morning by five o'clock. He was on the go all day. At 12 he would stop the roundup and see that the *vaqueros* all had a good meal, whether he had provided it through a camp cook or each man ate separately from his own ration. If a man used more than his allowed ration, he had to pay for it. I always ate with Don Luis in his private tent. He kept his own cook on the roundup and carried him along in the stagecoach."

In 1877 there was a severe drought over Chihuahua. The grass was eaten into the roots; water holes dried up. Most cattlemen kept looking at the sky and hoping for rain while cows and calves starved to death. When rain did come, they had few left and what cows were saved went barren the next spring. Don Luis didn't wait when the severity of the drought became apparent. He killed off his calf crop. The cows, thus relieved, pulled through and were in shape to bring calves the next year.

When the first American ranchers were getting better bulls for their ranges, Don Luis had in a shipment

of purebred Durham bulls. Later he bought some Brahmas. He paid \$10,000 for a thoroughbred stallion, a lot of money for the place and time. He insisted on keeping the best horses obtainable for his riders.

On one occasion, Don Luis did yield to showmanship. Porfirio Diaz was going to El Paso to meet William H. Taft in the only meeting of presidents of the two nations until President Camacho met with President Roosevelt. It was a unique occasion and, when Diaz passed through his private realm, the great cowman put on a show. He rounded up 50,000 cattle at Agua Nueva, an hacienda near the railroad tracks.

The presidential train stopped at Agua Nueva. Bands played and flags waved, and hundreds of men, the cream of Mexico and all Chihuahua, filed out of the cars. *Vaqueros*, off with the cattle, were proud of their new clothes and new saddles, but they hoped that the locomotive, the brass horns, and all the people would not stampede their herd.

It was a proud hour for Don Luis. Diaz was looking at the greatest herd the world ever had seen. It had been 30 odd years since Porfirio Diaz lost a battle to Gen. Luis Terrazas and tried to escape by swimming a river. General Terrazas took him prisoner and only a last-minute message from Mexico City saved Diaz. Times had changed. Porfirio Diaz had been master of Mexico almost a generation. He and Don Luis had become personal and political friends. Today they were powerful patriarchs, each over 80.

Diaz turned to Don Luis. "It is a great sight for me and for Mexico," he said.

Little did they suspect that beneath them the volcano was ready to break forth. Perhaps the pomp and majesty of this trip stirred hatreds in the hearts of the poor and the envious, whetting the hunger for their day.

In that same year of 1910, revolution broke. The armies of the Revolution surged over Mexico. For once Don Luis was on the wrong side. After General Orozco had kept most of the Terrazas family prisoners for over a year, Don Luis and his family fled with the federal troops toward Ojinaga. Don Luis had 5 million pesos in gold, then about \$2 million in American money. They barely crossed the Rio Grande ahead of the battle at Ojinaga.

Don Luis left behind his son, Luis Junior, to attend to the family affairs. Luis Chico, they call him down there—Little Luis, although he then was about 50, and the father of 12. Villa captured Luis Chico, tortured him, even hung him until unconscious. At last Luis Chico told them where more Terrazas gold was, \$590,000 in a column in the lobby of the Banco Minero. Then Villa held Luis Chico for a ransom of \$500,000, American gold.

It became an international issue, with Secretary of State Bryan taking a hand. Villa defied Bryan as he defied the federal government of Mexico. He kept Luis Chico in the penitentiary in Chihuahua and threatened to execute him if the ransom were not forthcoming. All El Paso sympathized with the

stooped, broken Don Luis, then 84 years old. He pleaded with Villa to execute him in place of his son. He agreed to pay the ransom if Luis Chico were brought to the middle of the international bridge between El Paso and Juarez. This Villa refused.

Then Luis Chico sawed his way out of the penitentiary. With him went four others: Guillermo Terrazas, son of Luis Chico; Manuel Obregon, brother of future President Obregon; a Carranza general; and the head janitor. The saw with which they effected their escape had been smuggled in inside a dollar watch. Eventually, disguised as peons, Luis Chico and his son reached El Paso.

Through the Revolution Don Luis had an entirely new experience as a magnate-cattlemen. Successive governments expropriated his ranches and his cattle. Whole herds were brought in to the El Paso stockyards and sold by those powerful enough to gather men and authority. Again and again Don Luis appeared in the American courts, seeking to recover his cattle through American law. The man who had exported to the States from 40,000 to 65,000 cattle annually, now was fighting for mere dribbles of his property on hoof.

Eventually Mexico attained peace. Don Luis was allowed to come back. After varying expropriations and restorations before he died in 1923 at 94, the Mexican government bought his vast lands, at perhaps 10% of their worth.

Most of the great haciendas are in ruins now. The 28 million acres are



cut up into thousands of parcels. The mighty herds of Terrazenos still live up the Chihuahua Trail and spread back into the mountains on the east and west.

The agrarian movement conquered, and rightfully, in a hungry world. But the Morgan-like genius of the white-bearded don is still seen and felt throughout that vast area.



## Angels in Tin Hats

By RILLA SCHROEDER

Mourned, honored, unpaid

Condensed from *Foreign Service*\*

The Army medical corps figures that on the average a wounded man, even under shellfire, receives attention within ten minutes after he is hit. If the soldier is helpless the medical corpsman removes him to protective covering, gives him treatment, tags him with his name and a description of his wounds, and sticks his bayonet in the ground with a strip of gauze attached to attract the attention of the litter-bearers. First-aid treatment consists of giving sulfa drugs, morphine (except in the case of head injuries), placing a dressing on the wound to prevent further contamination, using pressure dressings to control hemorrhage, and applying a splint in cases of fracture and tourniquets if necessary.

They aren't soft-voiced and pretty like the nurses, nor skilled miracle-workers like the doctors. They are just hard-handed, tough soldiers who have been trained in the job they have to do

and have, somewhere, found the guts to do it. To the wounded and dying they are "angels in tin hats" who bring the morphine that means surcease from pain, the drink of water, the cigarette, and the comforting words.

Under the rules of war a medic doesn't carry arms. He does his work under shellfire but without a gun. That band on his arm is supposed to protect him and it does, of course, to a certain extent. It didn't protect the 5,000 odd who are reported as casualties up to Aug. 1. How could it protect them, with shells "bursting every few seconds" around them? The enemy may respect that white band with its square red cross (the Japanese frequently do not) but bursting shells make no distinction.

There were aid men on the beaches of Normandy within 45 minutes after the first troops landed, picking up casualties under withering machine-

\*406 W. 34th St., Kansas City, 2, Mo. November, 1944.



gun fire. The Army Medical Department reports that 97 of every 100 wounded men who reached a hospital were saved (against 92% in the last war). Getting them out from under fire and to the hospitals was the aid men's job and they did it.

In proportion to numbers, casualties among aid men have been heavy. Ernie Pyle mentions one group of 31 enlisted men and two officers. In the seven-week period he was with them, the group lost nine dead and 10 wounded, or 60%.

And yet the aid men were overlooked when Congress passed the bill giving combat recognition to fighting

men. The 5,000 who died or were wounded may receive citations for extraordinary courage "beyond the call of duty" but their comrades of the white arm band do not receive the extra pay and recognition awarded men who face the guns.

The aid men themselves are not grumbling. There is something in caring for others that teaches a man to take a selfless viewpoint in such matters. It is the "kids who do the fighting" who are asking Congress to do something about the Harless bill, to give their "angels in tin hats" the recognition that is theirs due to courage and devotion.



Prejudice threatens the full development of the personality of the person holding it. The amount of energy that any one person has is limited. If much of his energy goes into hating Negroes or Mexicans, Chinese or Jews or other groups, there is not much left for other activities. Hate is likely to be destructive and narrowing. Love is expansive and creative. The prejudiced person is apt to become small and mean, always putting up a fight against his kindlier and more cooperative impulses. That side of his nature, the cooperative side which can see something good in all peoples and which wants to help them, is thwarted. If this process goes on over a long period of time, the person may become mean not only to the people against whom he is prejudiced, but to other people as well. His whole nature becomes thwarted and all his human relationships are affected. His whole life narrows.

From *Probing Our Prejudices* by Hortense Powdermaker (Harper, 1944).



The city which is composed of middle-class citizens is necessarily best constituted in respect of the elements of which we say the fabric of the state naturally consists. And this is the class of citizens which is most secure in a state, for they do not, like the poor, covet their neighbors' goods; nor do others covet theirs, as the poor covet the goods of the rich; and as they neither plot against others, nor are themselves plotted against, they pass through life safe.

From *Aristotle's Politics* (Modern Library, 1943).

# Ark of the Covenant

By R. G. BOUCHER

Condensed from *Perpetual Help*\*

Openly arrived at

The distraction came when least expected. It was during the Tuesday evening Perpetual Help devotions. The two altar boys were having their usual race lighting the candles for Benediction; the priest, kneeling at the altar steps, was intoning the invocations of the litany of our Lady; and the deep-toned voice from the left aisle was one split second ahead of the rest of us in answering the "Pray for us." It was at this moment that the invocation "Ark of the Covenant" started the distraction. My mind wandered back through the Old Testament: what in the world was meant by the ark of the covenant?

The word *ark* brings quickly to mind the phrase "ark of Noah." Quite naturally we visualize a huge ship that housed Noah and his family during the flood. Yet *ark* has another meaning. In this invocation, it means rather a box or chest, a hope chest, if you will, for it did contain the hope of Israel.

If you were the high priest of the Jews back in the 900's before Christ, in the time of Solomon, you could have seen that ark. Stepping into the temple building, as only the priests were allowed to do, you would find yourself in the room called the Holy Place. Beyond that room, concealed and partitioned from it by a double curtain, was the Holy of Holies, into which only the high priest could go, and that once

a year. Wending your way between the curtains, you would find in that inner sanctuary, beneath the outstretched wings of two golden cherubim, the ark of the covenant.

It looked like a box made of gold. God Himself designed it to its least details. It was oblong, about two and a half cubits long by one and a half broad and deep. It was made of acacia wood overlaid with gold inside and outside. A garland of pure gold formed a decoration around the center. On the four corners were rings of gold through which two gilded poles were placed so that it could be carried. On the open top of this ark lay a heavy cover of pure gold which was called the propitiatory.

Within the ark reposed the two tablets of stone upon which the Ten Commandments were inscribed. These two tablets were the legal document of the old contract, the Old Testament, or covenant, as we call it. The ark was the safe in which this covenant was preserved.

Usually when we speak of the Old Testament today, we refer to that part of the Bible which contains the inspired books written before the time of Christ, while the old covenant was in force. From the beginning of history, almighty God made solemn promises to man, to Adam, to the patriarchs of

\* *Redemptorist Fathers, Oconomowoc, Wis. November, 1944.*

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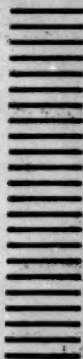
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old. And the promises were absolute, with no condition attached to them by God. They remained valid as long as man was true to God. The promises told of a new deal to mankind. They told of the reparation for mankind's sin in Adam, of a Saviour, a new Adam who would come to redeem man.

God, however, did not forget those generations who would live before the time of this Saviour. He had a definite plan, or economy, for saving them. Beyond those promises made to mankind, God chose one family from the Semitic race as His own particular people. When this family of Abraham had grown strong enough to exist as a people, after they had been educated in the school of Egypt, and persecution had fused into them a national consciousness, God formally constituted them His own nation, the Church of that time.

About 1400 years before the time of Christ, this people, composed of the 12 tribes of Israel, stood liberated in the plain surrounding the towering mountain of Sinai. The preliminaries to this legal birth of a nation had been completed according to the commands of God. The people had completed days of prayer and fasting. Moses, their leader, acted as liaison officer between them and God. God manifested His presence: on the morning of the third day, thunder began to roll, lightning to flash, a thick cloud covered the mountain, and smoke, as from a furnace, poured forth.

The terms of this contract between God and this people were announced.

Briefly, the contract can be stated: "If you will be My people, I will be your God. If you will hear My voice, if you will obey Me, if you will acknowledge and worship only Me, then I will make you My peculiar possession among all peoples; I will make you a holy nation. I shall protect and bless you, even with temporal prosperity."

The people then made their solemn pledge: "All things that the Lord has spoken, we will do; we will be obedient." In the manner of the times, this contract was signed not with names on paper, but by the sacrifice of an animal. Moses took half the blood and sprinkled it upon the altar of God; the remainder upon the people. The fundamental terms of this contract were written on two tablets of stone and given by God to Moses. The tablets were placed in the ark as a constant reminder that they belonged to God, and, that God, in a special manner, belonged to them.

"Ark of the Covenant, pray for us," read the invocation in the litany. What relation can such an ark have with the blessed Virgin Mary, the ark made more than 1,000 years before she was born, preserved in the Holy of Holies of Solomon's temple, hidden from the eyes of men by Jeremiah some 500 years before the Maid of Israel?

The Fathers of the Church see a symbolic meaning in the material of the ark. The acacia wood, incorruptible, reminds them of the spotless virginity and purity of our blessed Lady. They see in the gold which covered the ark a symbol of the grace given to our Lady

which made her a fitting tabernacle for the Son of God. The tables of the law reminded them of the wisdom of God. In the womb of the blessed Virgin, the Word of God took flesh. More than this, after the annunciation, there dwelt in the blessed womb of Mary One who was the fulfillment of the promises made to mankind, Christ, who was to make and be the new covenant with man.

Through His prophet Jeremias, God declared the old covenant null and void. His people had broken their contract so grievously, so often, He officially pronounced it dead. Yet, at the same time, God promised that "days are coming when I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel and with the house of Juda." This new one would be perpetual, intimate, without the "if" of the old: "I will be their God, and they shall be My people." It was to be in the nature of a last will and testament, immutable upon the death of the Testator.

This God-man, dwelling in the womb of the Virgin Mary, would one day, on Holy Thursday night, take a chalice of wine, change it into His own Blood, and say to the apostles: "This is My Blood of the new covenant." Until the end of time, there will remain up-

on our altars this memorial of the passion of Christ, this visible sign of the new covenant, the sacred Body and Blood of Christ. Need we ask, then, why Mary is called the ark of the covenant? From her, He received that Body and Blood. In her, He dwelt who is the Head of the mystical Body, the new and eternal Chosen People.

The tinkling of the bell awakened me from the distraction. The priest, monstrance in his hands, was giving us the blessing of Christ. What a glorious covenant is this new one of ours. The timid people of Israel saw only a mountain covered with a cloud, only the lightning, and heard the thunder. Here in the monstrance is our God. Back at Mount Sinai, Moses sealed the pact by sprinkling the blood of animals upon the people. Ours is the precious lot of receiving into our own bodies the Body and Blood of Christ, the sacred Blood which destroyed sin, and which merited for us the treasure of grace.

The gold of the monstrance sparkled in the lights. But I could see only that more glorious monstrance, Mary, the lovely little Maid of Israel who carried Christ within her body. She, indeed, was the masterpiece of God, the most perfect ark of the covenant.

The blessed Virgin is a commissioned General in the Chilean Army. She received this honor from Bernardo O'Higgins, who freed Chile from Spain. O'Higgins entrusted his war for independence to Mary's care and, after the victory, solemnly placed his marshal's baton in the hands of our Lady's statue and formally issued her a perpetual commission as General in the Chilean Army.

*The Shield* (Nov. '44).

## Padre Sam

Maryknoll moves south

By RAYMOND A. BONNER

Condensed from the *Monitor*\*

**The last stop** on Maryknoll's timetable in Bolivia is Porvenir. Six hours from Cobija, as the crow flies, provided of course, no one is busy shooting crows, it nestles lazily beside the Tauhumanu river, hemmed in on all sides by the sweltering jungle. *Porvenir* means more in Spanish than *future*: it suggests something all wrapped up ready for delivery; but the old-timers never think of it just that way. To them, Porvenir had a future and it always will have.

It so happened that this jungle settlement was more or less a self-imposed concentration camp. For every refugee this side of the Amazon found solace among the 70 tropical huts and 14 saloons of Porvenir, but such an atmosphere did little to better the outlook of the natives. The visits of a padre meant an enforced examination of conscience, a thing these people did not wish troubled.

The widow Bastos was very happy to have a padre come to town, but then she had five harum-scarum youngsters who were more susceptible to wild-riding, straight-shooting Chico Ferreira than to the easy-spoken, hard-to-live "Blessed are the meek. Blessed are the peacemakers."

From far and wide, society's outcasts and God's problem children sought this flagstop on the wayward express.

Carioca, a reformed Brazilian, whose past was very imperfect, did his best to make amends by raising funds for a chapel, but no matter how many benefits were staged, the sum never exceeded a handful of pesos. After a fashion, a padre was always welcome, if supplying him with the best corner of the floor for a bed, locking the chickens and dogs out of the room, and offering a cup of coffee without sugar could be considered signs of welcome; but the thought of a padre there permanently was too much. Then came Maryknoll, or, as some say, after the Boer war there were no more difficulties.

It could have been a problem to find the right missionary for such a place, but hidden away among the names of Christ's expendables was that of one Father Walter Valladon. No one recognizes his first name, for he is Sam to all who know him, possibly because he is like everyone's uncle. He talks about supper in the kitchen, baseball on some lot in Oakland, Calif., or brother Babe "somewhere in the Pacific" in a way that makes a person homesick. This outlook has made him at home in this far corner.

Patriotism may be the last refuge of a scoundrel, but adherence to the Catholic religion is the only glory left to the wicked. For that reason, it is awkward to deny this consolation to the

\*125 12th St., San Francisco, Calif. Nov. 18, 1944.

weak, but no one misses the point when the Padre thumps his forefinger into his fist and tells Pedro Villalobos that it is fine to be on the "right track," but too many people sit down on the track and get run over. The Christian idea of marriage had been about as useful as dandruff to most of the people, but a lot caught the idea when children began to ask mom and dad "what made their home different from the *garza's* nest." Going to church was a sissy's occupation till the Padre came back unarmed from a trip of two hours, where he had gone to say Mass and had run into two tigers.

It is over a year now since I visited Porvenir. It was everything a frontier town should be: rough, half abandoned, a good place to come from, where the fittest didn't always survive and the honest scarcely ever thrived. But some changes have been made. A town committee has been formed and Padre Sam is president. Cattle no longer graze on "Main Street," and each home takes pride in decorating thatched walls with decent pictures from current magazines. A radio has been installed and folks are really interested in knowing that crime doesn't pay.

There are no lights in the town, but the Padre feels that if he can ever build a chapel it will do a lot to brighten this once desolate spot. He is now using a storeroom, flanked by a dance hall and refreshment parlor, and it is a pleasure to note that business is much better after church hours than during. As Father Sam puts it, "I never noticed a change till I checked up with Rosita

Ferreira, who is a little bigger than a minute. Last year, at Passiontime, she insisted that the cross and the one statue are covered because the Jews made things "too hot" for our Lord, but this year she changed her version: "Jesus wished to say some prayers by Himself and be ready for His death."

The rubber boom has given this jungle village a big boost. Ox carts bring supplies regularly, and convoys of mules transport the "black gold" to the Acre river to begin its long journey, literally from the town remade by Padre Sam to the country that made Uncle Sam. Occasionally a few Americans pass through, inspecting rubber production, and only recently Carioca, who, though he has never learned to wear shoes, can still do business on a grand scale, whipped up a bazaar for the church when he discovered that Mr. Harvey Franz, a young technician with the Rubber Development Co., was married to the niece of Bishop McGuinness of North Carolina.\*

There must be a lot of Porvenirs scattered throughout the world, and to really give them a future is only a matter of finding a few more Padre Sams. As for myself, I am edified and encouraged to see such progress, but being more content to push the grace of God instead of pouring it into people's hearts, you can understand why I shake when the parish parrot keeps repeating, "Where do we go from here?" Tomorrow I leave for Cobija, and thank God Sam is still in Porvenir.

\*Now Coadjutor, Diocese of Oklahoma City and Tulsa.



# Franciscan Third Order

Pattern for action this day

By J. R. PLEASANTS

Condensed from the *Franciscan Herald and Forum*\*

**The world** which St. Francis set out to win for Christ was strikingly similar to our own. Pius XI outlined the parallel in his encyclical *Rite Expiatis*. To the old evils of the feudal system, the Crusades added the new dangers of commercialism and urbanization, leading to worldliness among the rich and insecurity among the poor.

Undaunted by the drain of the Crusades on society, the barons kept much of the country in a state of constant feud. Families and individuals were embroiled, too, so extensively that the shock on social, economic, and religious life cannot have been much less than the shock of today's total war.

Workers and serfs were exploited not only as laborers but as feudal soldiers. Like our sharecroppers, the serfs of the 13th century had all the hardships of farm life with little of its compensating security and independence. City workers had no security except where organized. So the procedure of exchanging the manor for the commune, the only alternative to serfdom, was usually like jumping from the frying-pan into the fire.

As always, when society is becoming urbanized, Christian family life declined, to which fact the inhuman heresy of Catharism, like the modern heresy of divorce, bears witness. The expansion of commerce, with its pos-

sibilities for wealth through cleverness rather than work, had bred contempt for labor and hatred for the poor. Justice was felt to be a virtue of the weak; and charity, the consciousness of personal responsibility, was practically extinct.

Albigensianism had taken advantage of the situation to preach the abolition of property and of marriage, showing, in spite of political persecution, the same mushroom growth as communism today. The times were ripe for revolution.

Against such conditions, the rule of the Third Order of St. Francis was a deliberate challenge. It was revolutionary not alone in the triumph of the Franciscan spirit of charity, justice, poverty, and penance for the seven capital sins. That, of course, was the fundamental revolution. But the rule of this Religious Order for laymen and women, married and single, was revolutionary even in its practical effects upon the social structure itself. While the Franciscan spirit was making feudalism less unbearable, the rule was making feudalism extinct.

The chain of feudal power had three links: the feudal oath, the baron's power of conscription for labor and military service, and the baron's ownership of the land. Now, the Third Order rule was intended to be the curriculum

\*5045 LaSalle St., Chicago, 9, Ill. Dec. 1, 1944.

of a school of Christian perfection for the laity. It was not aimed directly at social reform. Yet three of the chapters of the rule broke the links of that feudal chain one by one.

To break the first link, the tertiary, following the counsel of the Sermon on the Mount, refused to take oaths of any sort.

To break the second, their rule prohibited tertiaries, as members of a Religious Order, from bearing arms for any other cause than Church or country. The tertiaries staged a sort of strike against the barons. As Pius XI summarized it:

"The tertiaries neither took the solemn oath of vassalage, nor did they take up arms when called to be soldiers or to wage war; answering appeals to the so-called feudal law with the appeal to their rule as tertiaries, and appeals to their condition as serfs with the appeal to their new liberty. When in consequence those who were keenly interested in seeing the old order of things restored, began to harry them, the latter found protectors and champions in Honorius III and Gregory IX, who crushed these hostile measures even to the extent of inflicting severe penalties. Thus a most wholesome change in society began to take shape."

When one reads of the persecution of the tertiaries which started when the barons became desperately afraid of the loss of their power, one realizes that only a Religious Order, one whose primary aim was spiritual, could have kept them going, and growing, until two links of the chain were broken.

But the third and strongest link, the form of landholding with its system of fees and rents, seemed still as strong as ever. It remained for another, seemingly innocuous, provision of the rule, the duty of contributing to a common fund, to lop off this third link by means of a technique which must be the ancestor of all such movements as Nova Scotia cooperatives. Lemonier in his *St. Francis of Assisi* tells how it worked: "No more military service from the multitude, no more oaths of fealty! Feudalism felt itself struck in its most vital part. Nothing remained to it except the dues and tolls, and these were mostly redeemable; and in fact the tertiaries had begun to redeem them. They possessed considerable sums of money. The little coin which each brother had to give at the meeting swelled into a large treasury when everyone became a tertiary. The ministers did not hesitate to draw upon this treasury for the enfranchisement of those who were still in the hands of the feudal lords."

The feudal system was on its way out in Italy, and we see, as Capponi puts it, "Italian democracy taking its origin, and in some sort its consecration, in the rule of St. Francis."

So, when Frederick II finally outlawed military action by the barons, he was merely adding sanction from above to what had really been accomplished already from below. This issue, as a matter of fact, happened to be about the only one on which Frederick and the tertiaries were agreed. Frederick was remarkable. He was fully

three centuries in advance of his age, particularly in his ambition to establish a national church with himself as the head. In his public acts he was already calling himself by the modest titles of "the holy vicar of God, the cornerstone of the Church."

It is not surprising that he ran into resistance in Italy. The Friars Minor and the Dominicans carried the Pope's censures against Frederick throughout Italy, both openly and in disguise, while the forces of the Third Order were formed into units of militia all over Italy, and even in the Sicilies. These tertiary militia were so successful in keeping the Emperor at bay that Gregory IX called them the new Machabees, driving another Antiochus from the Temple. Versatile, these tertiaries; they licked the barons by pacifism, and the Emperor by force of arms.

Tertiary activity in the labor movement was less far-reaching in its effects, but amazingly modern in its methods. The craft guilds were already well developed when Francis came on the scene. But so also were their rivalries.

It was the Third Order alone, with its primarily spiritual aim, that could unite the members of all the guilds into one common, peaceful fraternity. Some of the weaving guilds in the Low Countries would not even admit a weaver to membership unless he was a tertiary. That was their way of preventing the religious purposes of the guild from being completely swallowed up in politics. Finally, on a line somewhat like that of the CIO, al-

though 500 years before it, the Third Order and the Franciscans succeeded, in several cities, in organizing the unskilled workers, who had never before been able to find a place for themselves in the craft guilds.

The very first two tertiaries to enter the Order, Lucchese, or Lucius, and his wife Buonadonna, were received by Francis himself. Having made a small fortune by speculating in wheat, Lucchese threw it all over in you-can't-take-it-with-you fashion, and bought a four-acre subsistence farm, which the two of them turned into a house of hospitality for the poor and sick.

The original Third Order fraternity, founded at Florence in 1221 by Cardinal Ugolino, co-author with Francis of the tertiary rule, immediately opened a hospital. In fact, hospices and hospitals sprang up all over Italy as fast as the fraternities were formed. Some of them have kept going these 700 years under tertiary control, no small achievement for an Order whose members take no vows, live no community life, and have their own families to take care of.

But the purpose of all this history is not to show that the Third Order developed the most effective method of social reform, working up from the people rather than down to them, building up new institutions within the shell of the old. The purpose is not at all to show that the Third Order even developed in some detail the various lines of technique of democratic reform, the means of enabling people to do things for themselves: credit

unions, cooperatives, the strike, agrarianism, houses of hospitality, group medicine, organization of unskilled workers, associations of Catholic trade unionists, and so on.

The important thing is that the social reform was accomplished by a society whose primary purpose is not social reform at all. The real lesson of Third Order history is that the tertiaries not only had the technique, but had also and above all the spirit to apply the technique.

The Third Order, because it was founded by that "unpractical" man, Francis of Assisi, possessed from the very beginning what some social reformers have never yet discovered: the wellsprings of Christian heroism. The Third Order is the fundamental solution to the most fundamental problem in social reform, the problem which bothers some people in the form of the question: why do the Popes always insist that individual reform must come first?

Maritain has answered that question beautifully in *Freedom in the Modern World*. Commenting on Charles Péguy's statement, that the social revolution will be moral or it will be nothing, Maritain writes: "It does not mean that before a reform of the social order can be made effective, all men must first be converted to virtuous living. Interpreted in that way, the saying would be merely a pharisaical pretext for avoiding any effort at social reform. Revolutions are the work of comparatively small groups of men who devote all their energies to the task; it is to

these men that the words of Péguy are addressed.

"His meaning is: you can only transform the social order of the modern world by effecting at the same time and first of all within your own soul a renewal of moral and spiritual life. . . .

"The Christian body has at such a time as ours two opposite dangers which it needs to avoid: the danger of seeking sanctity only in the desert, and the danger of forgetting the need of the desert for sanctity. Christian heroism has not the same sources as heroism of other kinds. It has its source in the heart of a God scourged and turned to scorn and crucified outside the city gate.

"It is time for Christian sanctity, again as in the centuries of the Middle Ages, to put its hand to the things of earth, but with the consciousness that its strength and majesty are from elsewhere and of another order."

There lies the intense need of today's Christian social action: Christian heroism. The Christian social revolution, because it is to be fought in the name of justice, personality, and the restoration of Christian family life, must come up from the people.

But for that very reason it is going to demand of its leaders and pioneers courage, sacrifice, responsibility, prayer, and special ideals of poverty, chastity, and obedience. From certain existing groups of genuine revolutionaries it is even now demanding sacrifice and the utmost purity of motives.

It can hardly be coincidence that the



two most fundamental remedies for modern ills named by Pius XI in both *Divini Redemptoris* and *Caritate Christi* are penance and poverty of spirit. For Francis himself called the Third Order the Brothers and Sisters of Penance, and the spirit of poverty is the keynote of Franciscanism. It is from these two sources that the spiritual power for the Christian social dynamic will come.

Not that the Third Order will engage corporately in any particular economic or political action. That would be contrary to the purpose of a society which, being open to every Catholic of every state in life, must have a purpose as generic as that of the Church itself, the sanctification of mankind.

Pius X wrote his encyclical *Tertium Franciscanum* on the corporate activity of the Third Order just to make sure that there will be one society in which the spiritual is not crowded out by the political. In it he insists that "tertiaries as such must in no way meddle with political or purely economic questions." But the Pontiff does recommend that tertiaryaries should make up the body of all movements of Christian social action; all he asks is that the purpose of the particular movement must not be made the purpose of the Third Order.

It is tragic enough that not all the workers in the field of social action are aware that there exists for them a "des-

ert" into which, without leaving the world, they can withdraw to renew their spiritual forces from day to day.

Perhaps it is the very simplicity of the rule which has kept them from realizing its spiritual power. Perhaps some who already carry out the main provisions of the rule, such as daily Mass, monthly Communion, recitation of the short tertiary Office, see nothing to be gained by doing these things as members of a Religious Order, which they may suppose is just another pious society.

Yet there is unlimited power to be gained by entering the Order; for, once you have been vested with the scapular and cord, it is no longer in your private capacity, but in your capacity as an official representative of the Church, the Body of Christ, that you come before the throne of God.

But the real tragedy is that of the 100,000 tertiaryaries in the U. S. so few know enough of the history and traditions of their Order to be able to interpret the rule in the Franciscan spirit. It is not alone necessary that the present leaders of Christian social action derive their motive power from the dynamo of Third Order life. It is above all necessary for the tertiaryaries themselves to realize that their brethren once transformed society, and that it is to them, working in the Franciscan spirit, that the Popes look for the salvation of the world.

Medicine is the profession which labors incessantly to destroy the reason for its own existence.

James Bryce quoted in *War Doctor* (Feb. '44).

# Pipe Line From the Sun

By ORLANDO ALOYSIUS BATTISTA

**Have** you ever wondered what makes grass, fields, forests, and flowers green? Have you ever thought of the reason why nature meticulously spaces the leaves on a tree so that they do not cover each other? Have you noticed the flowers which face the sun in the early morning hours, and follow it throughout the day only to watch the sun go down? There is a fascinating story behind the brilliant green coloring matter that is so profusely displayed all about us, because the green pigment of nature, chlorophyll, is one of the most important substances known to man.

Chlorophyll receives its importance from the exclusive role it is privileged to play in the maintenance of human life. Energy, in almost every conceivable form, whether energy we derive from the food we eat, coal or oil with which we heat our homes, or gasoline with which we drive our cars or fly our bombers, originally came to us from the sun. Every second of each day the sun sends us enormous amounts of energy, but, without chlorophyll, the sun would lose its function as an irreplaceable source of power and our bodies could not muster enough energy to allow us to brush our teeth! Chlorophyll is the only pipe line linking the sun with all forms of life on earth because it converts the energy that is carried to us by sunlight into limitless reserves for the use of man at his convenience.

Quietly, humbly, faithfully, chlorophyll works daily as a master chemist in plant life throughout the world, accomplishing in a fraction of a second feats which man may never be able to duplicate. It is a stellar missionary of God's handiwork for it gives to every weed and plant, every leaf and green-tipped stem, a dignity which should command the respect and admiration of everyone.

By a process still one of nature's greatest secrets, chlorophyll uses the energy of light in the fashion of a magic wand, changing the lifeless carbon-dioxide gas we exhale from our lungs, and the water that is all about us, into living body tissue and useful energy. At the same time, it cuts loose molecules of oxygen which serve to continuously replenish the supply of oxygen in the air we breathe. This ceaseless and indispensable process of nature is referred to by scientists as the process of photosynthesis, a process which breaches the gap between the meager tangibles of scientific knowledge and the intangibles of the infinite.

Chemically, the green pigment found in plant life bears a close resemblance to the red pigment in blood, hemoglobin. Starting with infinitesimal amounts of magnesium, the same metal that is used so extensively in the manufacture of bombers and fighters, plants build the complicated molecule identified as chlorophyll. To manufacture hemoglobin, nature takes iron in-

stead of magnesium, and builds almost exactly the same structure as it gives chlorophyll around the iron. Without submicroscopic amounts of magnesium which plant life manages to glean from the earth, even in regions where chemists have difficulty in identifying traces of the metal in the soil, our trees and grass in the summertime would not possess their attractive green color. And less than a shingle nail of iron is required to give the blood in a human body its deep red color.

But the magic of chlorophyll goes beyond its all-important role of harvesting the sun's energy and storing it in forms of use to man in the fueling of his body, and the operation of his great industries. Today, chlorophyll has entered into the relatively new field of medical science known as chemotherapy, because research in very recent years has shown it to be a valuable antiseptic with remarkable healing properties.

In fact, it is only a little more than four years since the *American Journal of Surgery* carried clinical control data demonstrating the effectiveness of the green pigment extracted from the nettle plant in the treatment of several hundreds of cases of severe internal infection, including peritonitis, brain ulcers, and dermatitis. Healing ointments and antiseptic solutions for a wide variety of infections have been manufactured, using chlorophyll as a basis. More recently, medical journals have reported the successful use of chlorophyll in the treatment of head colds, the relief of chronic sinus infec-

tions, and the treatment of severe war wounds. Deep gashes and burns are reported to heal more quickly and more consistently when formulas based on chlorophyll have been used.

The antiseptic and healing powers of nature's green pigment are not yet very well understood. As an antiseptic, it possesses the distinct advantage that it will kill germs without destroying healthy tissues, something which most of the more common antiseptics are unable to do; in this respect, chlorophyll behaves like the amazing new chemical known as penicillin. Chlorophyll must be in the presence of healthy tissue to be effective, for it will not kill germs when placed with them in a vial. This fact has been the basis for the theory that it may possess the property of stimulating the body cells to put up a more determined fight against invading hordes of germs.

Hundreds of laboratory tests and clinical trials are now on record as proof that chlorophyll has given a good account of itself as a therapeutic agent. Medical authorities are predicting that the brilliant green pigment that is locked by nature in unlimited amounts in leaves and foliage will save the lives of thousands if it continues to withstand extended application in hospitals and receive the support of more and more private practitioners. In the meantime, chlorophyll will continue to serve mankind in its primary role of converting carbon-dioxide gas and water into sugars, starches, proteins, coal, oil, and almost every known form of usable energy.

# Notes in a Chaplain's Diary

By LIEUT. GERALD RABE, S.V.D.

G. I. Joes want their Holy Joes

Condensed from the *Christian Family and Our Missions*\*

After watching troop trains leave camp for the past several months, I was now aboard one myself. The departure was unglamorous. Slowly we pulled out; and before we knew it, we were on our way to "Berlin."

Sunday morning, I spoke to the train commander, who set aside a coach for the nine-o'clock Mass and another for the ten-o'clock. After Mass, the men told me of their deep satisfaction at being able to attend, even while speeding across the U.S. in a troop train.

At last, after eight months of Army life, here was the gangway that led to foreign duty! Some GI's get what is known as "gangplank fever," something akin to the emotions felt by one taking the final walk down the corridor to the electric chair. Instead of the fever, I got the "gangplank thrills," the thrill of getting a free ride across the ocean! I've always had a secret longing to "put out to sea."

As our Yanks, with full field equipment, steel helmets, and duffel bags, streamed up the gangplank, the band struck up some snappy tunes: *Notre Dame Victory March*, *On Wisconsin*, *Over There*, *Smiles*, and some good old American jive that the boys thought was "solid." It's a good thing the home folks aren't allowed to see the boys off. Maybe I'm chicken-hearted, but it

made me weepy. But even while you're blowing your nose you're proud of the Yanks and feel convinced the days of the Axis are numbered.

Sunday evening aboard a troopship. For my chapel, I chose one of the compartments down in the hold; for my altar, one of the bunks. As I read the Epistle and Gospel, I noticed that all the men were dead serious. Once aboard ship, you're in the danger zone! I spoke to them briefly on the importance of an act of contrition, and told them that this Mass and all my subsequent Masses would be offered up for two intentions: a safe journey; for the folks back home.

After Mass, the men expressed their appreciation for the privilege of Sunday Mass and the intentions.

Our Catholic men are well taken care of on this ocean trip. Daily they have two Masses at noon, one Mass at one P.M., another at two P.M. and the last Mass at seven P.M. While one of the priests offers Mass, three others hear confessions.

Seasickness packs a terrific wallop. The ocean swells send your ship up and down. After hours and hours it isn't funny any more. Not the least of one's irritations in seasickness is the thought that you might be torpedoed at any moment. A lot of the fellows just can't get submarines off their

\*St. Mary's Mission House, Tecumseh, Ill. November, 1944.



minds, though with a few kind words we try to get them to relax.

All day decks are cluttered with GI's playing cards, dice, chess or checkers. You find GI's reading, sleeping, sitting around, and just plain GI's. Some hang over the rail watching the waves, scanning the horizon, and speculating when and where they'll land.

Lights out: soldiers sleeping in hammocks; on mattresses under the tables, on the tables, between the tables; on duffel bags, under duffel bags, between duffel bags or even in duffel bags.

Nearing journey's end, I can look back on my first ocean voyage as a war trip in the full sense of the term. No pleasure trip. I tried my best to read, but towards the end couldn't even do that. It became a matter of sweating it out. And sweat it out I did.

The blackout officer came in and woke me early this morning. "We're in England!" he rejoiced. As we always slept in our clothes, for any emergency, I had only to put on my shoes and cap and scramble to the top deck. Sure enough! There it was. England! I was struck by the absence of skyscrapers. Strangely, too, there seemed to be an empty feeling of loneliness and homesickness deep down in the heart.

By now the decks were crowded with blinking GI's just out of bed and anxious for a look at England. As we neared the dock, soldiers all along the bottom rails reached out their hands to pat and caress the pier.

Good old Mother Earth! The sun

was shining, but it rained anyhow.

There was a great clamor aboard ship. Through some error in arrangement, the men in one of the compartments hadn't had their Mass. I obliged by saying Mass for them. It does your heart good to see the soldiers welcome you, clean up and police the section where you're going to say Mass, and then help you in every way possible to prepare your altar.

Leave it to the boys to raise a howl about not having Mass. Their disappointment and chagrin knows no bounds when they are deprived of the Sacrifice. Soldiers from units other than my own often come up to inquire, "Why don't we have a Catholic chaplain, so we can go to Mass?" I'm stymied on that one. Telling them that the priests are needed back home doesn't mean a thing to them.

I staggered down the gangplank as I had staggered up, completely hidden and weighed down with my luggage and equipment. We boarded a double-decker bus. We were riding on the wrong side of the road. I held my breath a couple of times as I forgot that we were supposed to travel to the left. All along the way, we could sight evidences of the '41 blitz.

Once off the bus, the soldiers were swamped by children, begging for gum and candy. The Yanks who preceded us must have been pretty generous.

Walking down a narrow street in the residential district, the Yanks had kids hanging on them and crawling all over them. Weighted down as I was

with steel helmet, field pack, gas mask, pistol belt, canteen, valpack, overcoat, field jacket, Mass kit, and traveling bag, two "small fry" still found room to hang onto my right arm, and two more onto my left. They were friendly, smiling, confident, and trustful. Maybe their faces were dirty, but then, the poor kids (or should I say lucky kids?) have no soap for washing. Besides, they've been victims of a war for five years.

One five-year-old looked up at me with dancing eyes. "Got some gum, chum?" she begged. I felt like a heel. Didn't have a single stick with me. I asked, "How long does a stick of gum last you?" "Oh, about two days." "And what do you do with your gum at night?" I continued. She laughed and her eyes danced some more. "I hide it." "And does your Mommy know where it is?" I inquired. A dark cloud passed over the sunshine of her face. "Oh, my Mommy's dead." Just then, about 10 more kids jumped on me, and the five-year-old was lost in the crowd.

Children seem to be the same the world over. They size you up. If they like you, they'll give you their hearts. Wherever there are children, there is that endless giggling and laughing, screaming and dashing about—happy, carefree, even if they have been blitzed, even if they are poor, even if they don't have much soap to wash their faces, even if their clothing is tattered. If sometimes you don't know what you're fighting for, just get among the kids. When you're with them, you can al-

ways say, "This is worth fighting for!"

We next boarded a train. We were pretty tired and hungry, but our splendid American Red Cross was on hand to care for us. They gave us some greatly appreciated steaming coffee and doughnuts, two packs of mint candy, and four of cigarettes.

As our train passed through towns and villages, the people waved and cheered from every window and door. Our train had only to stop ten minutes, and children would appear from nowhere, mobbing the Yanks. Almost every GI tossed all his gum and candy to the kids. You can say all you want about the Yanks. Sure, they have their faults, and they read comic books, and they may not be so intellectual, but they certainly are awfully good to the children.

When at times it seemed as though a couple of orphanages had broken loose and the stampede of kids threatened to trample our boys underfoot, you'd imagine that soldiers would get irritated and annoyed. But not the Yanks! They flash the old American smile, give the kids a piece of gum, put their arms around them, and laugh and talk with them.

Seven years ago today I said my first solemn Mass in St. Boniface church, Buffalo, N. Y. It was a momentous day. Today was also momentous, in its own way. I volunteered for the battle front.

The appeal is coming from along the entire invasion front: "More chaplains!" Well, that's what I'm here for. So I volunteered. But don't think my

knees weren't shaking. Once you've seen soldiers rushed back, cut up and mangled, you don't go up to the front lines with the same enthusiasm that you go to a graduation picnic.

This afternoon I visited a Father Andes in the hospital. As I walked to the officers' ward, I ran into a group of young soldiers, just back from the invasion front. Heads, hands, arms, legs, feet bandaged up. They were a very quiet and subdued group of young boys. Not one of them said or spoke a word. They had just been through hell. I next saw the more serious cases being removed from the ambulances. The stretcher-bearers worked in grim silence. Army nurses stood outside their wards, watching, in silence.

We've read and heard plenty about the war. But this is the honest truth, you don't know what war is until you've seen casualties.

I visited the Irish pastor in the neighboring village and was given a grand welcome by Father Ryan. You have to know the Irish to know all the fuss that can be made over a priest. I was welcomed as though I had come home after being away for years and years. After a cup of tea and a delightfully relaxing chat, Father drove me back to camp in his Austin, a half-pint car that got us there just the same.

Sunday. Had three Masses today, as usual. The third Mass was on the stage of the theater, with the footlights and spotlights focused on the altar, and a blue velvet curtain for backdrop. The entire congregation of soldiers, packing the theater, sang hymns. Sounded

magnificent. In addition, two soloists gave a beautiful rendition of *Panis Angelicus*. This was one of the finest Army services I've ever attended.

I visited the Catholic orphanage. The Irish nuns in charge were very good to me. Of course, I had to have tea with them. While drinking tea and sandwiching in some fruit cake, I listened to Sister Superior sing the praises of the American soldier.

A new heating system is being installed in the orphanage. The Yanks are paying for the heating system and the fuel.

Many of the rooms in the orphanage are being remodeled and refurnished. You ought to see the "Pink Rooms" and the "Blue Rooms," down to pink bedspreads and blue bedspreads, for the kiddies. Remodeling and refurnishing being paid for by the Yanks.

Ever since coming to the ETO, many of the Yanks have given up their weekly rations of two candy bars, eight packages of gum, and three small packages of cookies, for the kids at the orphanage. And that's tough. I know, because I've tried it. One GI sacrifices almost every free day to cut the orphans' hair. In addition, hundreds of dollars have been donated to the orphan home by the Yanks.

Sister Superior didn't know where to start or stop when recounting the generosity of the American doughboy. And here's something you may find hard to believe. But Sister Superior says it's the honest truth:

The Sisters in school were having a difficult time getting the children to

fold their hands when going to Holy Communion. Threats and punishments were to no avail. The children just refused to fold their hands. Along came the Yanks one Sunday morning, went to Communion with folded hands, and the kids saw it! Now the Sisters don't have a bit of trouble. The

kids idolize the Yanks and think it quite the thing to go to Holy Communion with their hands folded, like the Yanks!

Just received the News! I'm getting into the game. Anything can happen from here on. Don't forget a little prayer.



## A Grain of Salt

By MARIE DE VELA

Condensed from the *Catholic Family Monthly*\*

**Are you** one of the kind of housekeepers who thinks that housekeeping is dull and commonplace? Some of the most commonplace things may be interesting and romantic if only we take the time to look for the interest and the romance.

Take salt for instance. What could be more commonplace? Did you know that it was when cereal and vegetable food began to be used that salt became a necessity and because it was so scarce, acquired a religious significance? A salt spring was regarded by inland people as a special gift from the gods, and the ancient Roman historians tell us that the ancient German tribes fought for the possession of salt streams, believing their presence gave the region a peculiar sanctity. Salt was used by the Greeks and Romans in

their religious offerings, probably as a symbol of purity. Among the Hebrews, there was a "covenant of salt" which required that every sacrifice offered should be seasoned with salt. The salt was looked on as a symbol of wisdom and discretion, without which none of our performances are agreeable to God. This covenant could not be broken. In the New Testament, Christ spoke of His disciples as the "salt of the earth," with reference to their spiritual influence on the world. The Gospel story relating this fact is read in the Mass for all Doctors of the Church.

The ritual of the Church knows two kinds of salt for liturgical purposes, the baptismal salt and the blessed salt. The former is used to administer to catechumens before they enter the

To curse with and to bless with

\*Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. November, 1944.



Church and the latter is used in water blessed for the Asperges before high Mass on Sunday. There is also a salt blessed for the use of animals. When a church is consecrated, salt is blessed and mixed with water and in turn with wine and ashes and used in the consecration ceremony. The Catechism of the Council of Trent tells us that when salt is put into the mouth of the child at Baptism, it evidently imports that by the doctrine of faith and the gift of grace he should be delivered from the corruption of sin, experience a relish for good works, and delight in the food of divine wisdom.

Besides the religious significance of salt in the ancient world, salt and incense were of greatest importance in developing the highways of commerce. The salt of Palmyra and Tadmore built up the vast trade between the Syrian ports and the Persian gulf; the great salt mines of northern India were the center of a wide trade before the time of Alexander the Great. A caravan route united the salt oases of the Lybian desert, and up to the present day the traffic in salt forms a large part of the caravan trade of the Sahara. In India, the famous salt mines were making history as late as 1920, when Mahatma Ghandi defied the Indian government by returning to age-old methods of procuring salt in his nonresistance opposition to the salt monopoly. There was also an ancient salt trade between Aegean ports and the coast of southern Russia. One of Italy's oldest roads, the Via Salaria, is the road by which the salt of Ostia was

carried up into the Sabine country.

Cakes of salt were used in ancient times as money in parts of Abyssinia and Tibet. Salt taxes played a prominent part in more than one country in ancient and even medieval times.

Salt used for seasoning food and for the preservation of things from corruption, had in ancient times some other interesting uses. The prophet Eliseus employed it to make palatable the waters of Jericho, as we read in the 4th Book of Kings. The Orientals used it to cleanse and harden the skin of a newborn child, as we learn from the prophet Ezechiel in a most beautiful and plaintive passage in the Old Testament, in which God upbraids Jerusalem for her ingratitude and disloyalties. By strewing salt on a piece of land the Orientals dedicated it to the gods. The Romans, on the other hand, used salt to curse land and to destroy its fertility. When Rome conquered Carthage the city was destroyed, the site plowed up, and sown with salt.

There are many superstitions concerning salt, and many legends. It is a common thing to say that a person is not worth his salt. This idea originated in India, where the people had to prepare their own salt by evaporating sea water; the value of a worker was determined by his ability to prepare salt. If he were a poor worker he would consume more salt than he prepared. In our day we would say, "He isn't worth his keep." There is a difference of opinion as to the origin of the superstition about spilling salt. It may have come from the Arabs or



from the Hebrews. In the Hebraic language, *salty* is synonymous with *barren*. In Biblical times, it was customary to throw salt over land to make it infertile. Consequently, the idea developed that to spill salt was bad and from that has come the modern superstition. On the other hand, among the Far-Eastern nations, salt was a symbol of friendship and so it is easy to see that to spill salt was looked on as an unfriendly gesture, and in time came to be looked upon as foretelling a quarrel. To eat salt with an Arab indicates the same responsibility for hospitality as we feel toward one who breaks bread with us.

Aside from the superstitions, salt was at one time the gauge of social standing. The early dining tables were long crude affairs, and at first the salt, in a huge cellar or bowl, was placed in the center. Gradually this was moved towards the head of the table where the honored guests were seated. From this arose the expression, "to sit above or below the salt," which is taken to indicate social standing. Only lesser folk sat below the salt. With this meaning attached to salt, it comes into the company of artists and craftsmen. The great designers and silversmiths spent the best of their time and talent on producing beautiful saltcellars.



## GI Talking

There's a fellow in our outfit who used to kick the gong around with his rotten talk about the wild parties he had during his frequent furloughs. Worse thing was he always made a point of stating what a good Catholic he was. I couldn't get next to him no matter how hard I tried. His talk was bad enough, but I could have bashed his head in for tearing down the Church and the faith by his big-mouth talk about being a Catholic, especially when he hadn't been to Mass and the Sacraments for so long.

The other night I was re-reading a letter an old man from our neighborhood had sent me. The old fellow had been around for a long time and was writing me to live up to my religion and never to be ashamed of it no matter whom I happened to be with. Anyway, as I sat there reading, the problem child burst into the barracks, running off at the mouth as usual until he spotted me and stopped short. He asked me if I just had a letter from the undertaker, since I looked so serious. I told him it was just a bit of horse sense from an old campaigner and it wouldn't do him any harm to take a gander at it.

Well, sir, it did the trick. He got the point, hasn't missed Sunday Mass since, and is pretty serious about living up to his faith. He doesn't brag about being a good Catholic any more either, though he has a right to now.

A Navy Air Cadet quoted in *Contact* (No. 18).

# Nix on the Ouija Board

Source of unreliable information

The ouija board consists of a plain, flat board upon which are found the letters of the alphabet and numerals and perhaps various signs and the words *Yes* and *No*. Upon it there is a small, three-legged, heart-shaped table called a planchette, the third leg of which forms a pointer. One or two sitters take their places and rest their fingers lightly on the planchette. Then, while the hands are thus resting on the planchette, someone asks the ouija board a question and the answer is spelled out by the planchette's pointer as it moves about and points out the various letters, numbers, or symbols.

Whenever spiritualistic practices are on the increase, the ouija board seems to come into prominence, since planchette writing is found by experience to be the beginning of such practices. Then there may be quite a craze as stores do a nice business in wooden or plastic magic tables of this kind. You are told that ouija boards are mysterious, uncanny; that they are sweeping the country; that you must have one to be in the swim.

Since the sitters who are resting their fingers on the planchette do not intentionally move it, as we now suppose, what does cause it to move? It seems that it is the unconscious reaction of the sitters that does the moving, at least when the answer to the

By WINFRID HERBST, S.D.S.

Condensed from the *Savior's Call*\*

question is in their subconscious or conscious memory. The answers then are wholly normal and drawn from the slightly awakened subconscious mind or from the sitters' own mental application or through mental telepathy, which is a sort of mental radio, the act of communicating impressions from one mind to another without speech, gestures, or any other ordinary means of transferring ideas.

If the answers given cannot be explained as above, or if there is no trickery, or if it is not the accident of a chance guess, then the cause of the planchette's movements must be attributed to preternatural influence.

But you wish to know whether it is a sin to use the ouija board. If the attitude and purpose of those who use the ouija board are free from all evil, the use of the board is sinless when the answer to be given pertains to what the sitter knows consciously or subconsciously, or when the answers could be given through knowledge acquired here and now by mental telepathy. But even so we warn against the use of the board; for, though it may well be a harmless pastime at first, it is apt to become an obsession, to unhinge the mind, and take the place of the only true revelation given to man by God. Truly scientific and thoroughly well-informed scholars caution against this

\**Salvatorian Fathers, St. Nazianz, Wis. October, 1944.*

practice as dangerous to mental and moral health. It can easily develop into an irresistible impulse, whereupon the ouija board works overtime. Such persons are then ripe, or soon will be ripe, for the insane asylum. Indeed, many do actually end in the insane asylum.

It is a sin to use the ouija board when the answers to be given pertain to the free future; when the answers to be given are expected to come from the spirits of the departed or from demons. And it is a mortal sin when questions calling for such answers are asked in earnest. If such automatic writing is seriously meant to be writing from the dictation, unheard, of course, of the spirits of the departed, it is a virtual evocation of the spirits and is nothing but necromancy: pretended communication with the spirits of the dead, which is a gross superstition; it is giving to a creature the honor that belongs to God alone, which is essentially a grievous sin against the First Commandment.

A warning is to be given against the "psychic pastime" of using the ouija board, or the mysterious swami talking board, or whatever it may be called. As Father Healy, S.J., says in *Moral Guidance*: "In order to insure success in using the ouija board, mental passivity is necessary. This means that the sitter must put himself in a listless, lethargic state, pliable and ready to follow all suggestions. He is somewhat like a patient who is half under the influence of a general anesthetic. To put oneself in this state frequently seems to weaken the will and tends to

injure one's health. Experience proves that it induces nerve exhaustion, and so makes one neurotic. The habit of using the ouija board, once a person begins, is easily acquired, for the mysterious has a strong attraction for most people. Not infrequently it happens that the use of the ouija board reveals secret thoughts, hidden suspicions, and even shameful temptations in the past life of the sitters. These are apt to engender misunderstandings. The sitter may protest that these revelations are false or were merely temptations that were quickly overcome, but often enough he will not be believed. Sorrow has come into the lives of innocent persons in this way."

The practice of using the ouija board is seemingly so harmless, you may say, merely dabbling with the mysterious, just experimenting. But it is, alas! only too true that before you know it you are a fiend. And then come the bad effects: failure of general health, apathy, weariness, finding relief only by returning to the ouija board as a dope fiend returns to his dope, susceptibility to suggestion, less ability to discriminate and resist, and then immoral and mischievous messages that ridicule Christian customs and practices. Many a one has experienced to his cost, that while it is an easy thing for him to open the mental door by which the mind can be invaded, it is difficult if not impossible to expel the invader and shut that door. If you are thinking of using a ouija board just for the fun of it or because others are doing it—*don't!*

Terrific

# Father Gehring

By PAUL MacNAMARA

Condensed from the *Cosmopolitan*\*

A million words have been written about Guadalcanal and the famous First Division of the U.S. Marine corps which landed there late in the summer of 1942 and started the long, tough fight toward Tokyo. But this little story about a Christmas Eve on Guadalcanal may be new. And strangely enough, it all started back in Brooklyn 41 years ago: at least its principal character was born there then.

After the beachheads had been established and our position made fairly secure, our Marines began that age-old game of troops far from home, speculating on how long before they would be relieved; how long before they would get home again. It was September and Christmas seemed a long time away, so they began to talk about "being out of here by Christ.nas." The weeks and the months rolled by and they knew they were kidding themselves, but they still talked about it. Then, before they knew it, it was the day before Christmas, and instead of being home they were still on the "Canal."

On the afternoon of that rather dismal day it was announced by Navy Chaplain Father Gehring that the traditional Christmas midnight Mass would be celebrated.

To make this Mass of Father Gehring's a little more like other Masses he's been to, one marine, in that strange way soldiers have of turning up with the damndest things in the damndest places, arrived at the chaplain's tent in the late afternoon with a small hand organ and suggested that if there was anyone who could play the Christmas music it might be nice to have it.

No one could play the Christmas music. Sadder still, no one could play the organ. Then somebody remembered that Barney Ross could play an organ.† Barney, at one time both the lightweight and welterweight boxing champion of the world, turned out to be more of a two-handed body puncher than a musician. He had to admit that his repertoire was limited to one piece.

So, halfway around the world from the City of Churches where Father Gehring came from, on a mite of an island in the South Pacific, with the heavens for a roof, the chaplain said Christmas Mass in Latin while a Jewish boy from Chicago played *Yiddisher Mama* on a battered little hand organ while several hundred boys, Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish, knelt at the Mass. And somehow it got them all and they will tell you it helped

†See CATHOLIC DIGEST, May, 1943, pp. 15-17.

\*57th St., at 8th Ave., New York City, 19. November, 1944.



make Christmas, Christmas. They will also tell you that the man who made it tick was the priest who said Mass. He was, after all, one of them. He had been there since the beginning. He understood them and they understood him. It was a nice thing.

At first glance, Father Frederic P. Gehring doesn't look like a sensitive, religious man. As a matter of fact, in a nice American way, he's a tough-looking kind of guy. He's around six feet tall, and husky.

In the Greenpoint section of Brooklyn where the Gehrings first lived, Louis Gehring, Fred's father, kept a religious-goods store. He was a Bavarian, an excellent sculptor who fashioned wax images of the Christ Child for Christmas crèches. The religious strain runs strong in the Gehrings. The family's richest possession is a fragment of the true cross, handed down from generation to generation for 300 years.

The Gehring kids went to the neighborhood parochial school, and while the family were devout Catholics, the idea of Fred's becoming a priest was never pressed upon him by his parents. As a matter of fact, when he first talked to his father about it, he was counseled to wait till he was a little older; then if he still felt the same way, well and good, it would be a fine thing. Fred waited and he still felt the same way, and it was a fine thing.

In the meantime, young Fred had taken up the violin, but, as he says now with a slight grin, "I was more inclined to be 'hot' than 'sweet.'" If, by

any chance, you were going to high-school dances in the Bushwick section of Brooklyn in 1919, you may have danced to the rhythm of Gehring's orchestra playing *Dardanella*.

The next fall Fred Gehring entered St. Joseph's college in Princeton, N. J., and was graduated in 1923, the year his father died. By then Fred had decided what he was going to do with his life. That fall he entered St. Vincent's seminary in Germantown, Pa. Five years later, in 1928, he was ordained. He expressed his one regret about that day when he said with a slight catch in his voice, "Too bad Pop couldn't have been there."

Immediately after his ordination he volunteered for missionary work in China, but further training and then an appendectomy delayed his sailing several years. He arrived in China in 1933 and spent a year in Kanchow, Kiangsi province, learning Chinese before being shipped inland to Lungnan.

Father Gehring was the only white man in that lonely mountain district where Chinese bandits periodically swept down to sack the town, but his extraordinary personality won him quick popularity. General Wong Tsai Nang, a local military man, came to him to learn German, which he needed for a course in tank warfare conducted by German military instructors. A few years later General Wong defeated the Japanese at Kiukiang. He brought back for Father Gehring a handsome horse he had captured from a Nipponese officer. The General presented the gift at an elaborate banquet.



"I pray you," he said with characteristic Oriental humbleness, "to accept this inadequate gift as a portion of my great debt to you, Lee Shen Fu." Lee Shen Fu, it seemed, meant Plum Blossom Spiritual Father. The gift was eagerly accepted. For up to this time Father Gehring had covered his far-flung mountain parish at Lungnan on foot.

From 1937 to 1939, Father Gehring's last years in Kiangsi, the Japanese brought war to central China. "It would break a man's heart," he recalls, "to see those brave people who had already walked hundreds of miles with practically no food, still on the march, silent and patient and uncomplaining." He fed the refugees rice and, with the help of the Sisters of Charity, took care of the sick. It was a sad time, and worse was yet to come.

Before the Japanese went on the march against China, Father Gehring's parish was ravaged by Chinese communists. He recalls the siege of Kanchow, when the city stood off the Reds for 45 days. This was Father Gehring's first real contact with war.

Christmas in 1938 was a Sunday and Father Gehring had just finished his sermon on peace on earth. At that exact minute the Nipponese bombers on their way to raid Namyung thought it might be amusing to drop a few bombs on the American mission in the Singfeng compound. No one was killed in this first raid, but it was the beginning of the war for Father Gehring, Vincentian from Brooklyn.

From then until 1941 Father Gehring

was at the ringside in the Chinese-Japanese war. In the spring of that year illness forced him back to the States and he arrived in San Francisco in May. He rested and regained some of the weight he had lost, and by fall he was beginning to think about going back. On the afternoon of Dec. 7, in a Catholic church on 161st St. in New York City, he had just finished preaching a novena for peace when the last hope for peace in the U. S. was shattered. The Japanese had smashed Pearl Harbor. Two days later Father Gehring volunteered for military service as a chaplain. The following July he left for the South Pacific.

Oddly enough, Father Gehring was worried about his standing with our fighting men in the Pacific. As he puts it now, "I was afraid I wouldn't click with the lads. You see, my work up to then had been quite a lot different, or at least that was what I thought." If you should ask him what impressed him the most about those tough kids from America's Main Streets who were beating their way through a hot jungle 10,000 miles from home, he will tell you, "First, their unbelievable courage, and then the wonderful sight of those same tough kids kneeling down to pray."

On Guadalcanal a number of things happened to the ex-missionary from Brooklyn. Early in December, 1942, the Navy got word that the Japanese had killed two priests and two nuns at a mission on southern Guadalcanal for refusing to carry a message to decoy the Marines. Father Gehring of-

fered to bring off survivors of that massacre and go to the aid of other missionaries on near-by islands. It was a dangerous trip by native schooner to the rear of the enemy lines. He did the job and became something of a legend in the Solomons, but if you should try to make him talk about the rescue mission he will disconcert you with a funny picture of one of the rescued nuns bringing her parasol along and, as she was being hoisted aboard ship in a lifeboat, raising it against the hot tropical sun. He will gladly give you a complete word picture of this poor soul's aversion to sunshine and will roar with laughter at the telling, but that's about as much of the incident as you can get from him. But Adm. W. F. Halsey awarded Father Gehring the Navy and Marine Corps Medal in the name of President Roosevelt. The citation said: "The Commander, South Pacific Area and South Pacific Force, takes pleasure in presenting the Navy and Marine Corps Medal to Frederic P. Gehring for distinguishing himself during the early months of the occupation of Guadalcanal. He, by his courage, cheerfulness and willingness, passed through the enemy lines and took a leading part in the evacuation of missionaries on the island. Outside the scope of his routine duties, he made numerous voluntary trips to the

front lines and was a remarkable source of encouragement which greatly lifted the morale of front-line troops."

There was more to it, but that gives you the idea. The late Frank Knox, Secretary of the Navy, bestowed another glowing citation and the Legion of Merit Medal.

After the Japs were cleared from Guadalcanal, Chaplain Gehring went on with the invasion forces that hit the beachhead at Woodlark island. From Woodlark he went on to Finschhafen, where he helped to build the largest American Red Cross center for the Navy in New Guinea. In gratitude, the boys named the center Gehring Hall.

When, after 22 months in the fightingest part of the South Pacific, Chaplain Gehring was sent home on leave, Lieut. Charles Stalker, U.S.N.R., who had been a teacher in Rochester's Benjamin Franklin high school, summed it up for the boys who, with a lump in their throats, shook hands in farewell.

"He was a leader, teacher, friend of men. The part of the chaplain in this world struggle may best be portrayed by this unforgettable character."

A tough young marine from Greenpoint summed it up a little differently. "The guy is only terrific," he said.

A house painter working on a ladder outside a convent refectory, where some 30 nuns were eating in silence, remarked to his mate that he thought so many women who were able to keep silence like that must belong to the true Church!

*Holy Roodlets (Nov. '44).*

# Indulgences

By HUGH CALKINS, O.S.M.

Condensed from *Novena Notes*\*

Most misunderstood

**Does a 300-day** indulgence cancel out 300 days in purgatory? Hardly, since human time does not exist in the other world. To understand indulgences and the words used with them, go back to the first centuries of the Church. Things were very strict in those days. If you were guilty of serious sins, you did serious penance. For all types of sins the Church had arranged definite types of penance. The penances were called "canonical" (according to the "canons" or rules of the Church). Some of these "canonical penances" were privately performed, some publicly. They were planned for definite numbers of days, months, even years.

Suppose you lived in those days, and you confessed a serious sin of stealing. The confessor would demand sincere sorrow, firm purpose of amendment, willingness to make restitution (all as we do today); but after giving absolution he would impose a canonical penance. Let's say it would be 300-days penance (don't jump: they were that tough).

Upon certain occasions the bishop would lift the canonical penalties; that is, he would grant a remission of the punishment imposed by the Church. He'd call it an indulgence (the word means *remission*). In lifting yours, he would call it "an indulgence of 300

days." He was not taking off 300 days of purgatory, but rather 300 days of penance.

Gradually, the Church took away the severe "canonical penances." Instead, visits to famous shrines, almsgiving, certain prayers were required. To such good works the Church then attached plenary and partial indulgences.

But everyone went on using the same word for customs now ancient. So we still have "indulgences of 300 days," etc., though the words seem odd. The Church has never defined anything with regard to the precise meaning of indulgences of so many days. Only God knows for certain how much temporal punishment is due to sins forgiven. But the Church is in charge of making available to us her accumulated spiritual treasures to cancel our debts.

The variable factor in indulgences is the human will. The Church places the conditions; we must fulfill them faithfully. Only God knows for sure if we do what we should and gain all we seek. Yet we know our own minds. If we sincerely fulfill all conditions placed by the Church, we can confidently trust God will grant what we seek—the full or partial remission of the temporal punishment due to our sins.

\*3121 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, 12, Ill. Oct. 20, 1944.

# New Guinea Holocaust

By SISTER M. OTTONIA, S.Sp.S.

Condensed from the *Christian Family and Our Missions*\*

An eyewitness account of the slaughter that cost the lives of a Bishop, seven priests, 17 Brothers, and 34 Sisters, and untold suffering for the wounded survivors. A box of sacred vessels and vestments from the demolished New Guinea missions has been received at the Society of the Divine Word motherhouse at Techny, Ill. Among the relics were three and a half badly battered chalices; three incomplete sets of soiled, bayoneted vestments; two broken pyxes; a stained altar cloth and altar laces. Unfortunately, a number of the sacred vessels scattered in New Guinea fell into the hands of non-Catholic soldiers, who collected them as souvenirs and refused offers of Catholic men who wanted to buy them back for the Church. The mute evidence of war's havoc reached Techny just in time to be handled with reverent awe by 20 young priests who have gone out to rebuild the New Guinea missions, paid for over the years by the sweat, prayers, and blood of more than 200 missionaries.

**It all seems** so strange. Just a few months ago we were all together in an internment camp, still a happy company of Sisters and missionaries at Manam, New Guinea. Today we remain only a small exile band of 26 Holy Ghost Sisters. It is true we had embarked on that fatal voyage with great apprehension but never had we anticipated anything like the reality that faced us.

As soon as Bishop Francis Wolf failed in his efforts to have the Japanese officers cancel our transfer by boat up the New Guinea coast away from the steadily moving Allied forces, he

ordered continuous exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in the church and three days of uninterrupted prayer.

One day, Sister Gudulana came along and sat down next to her companion. "Come what may," she said, "I am now fully prepared. I have offered my life in sacrifice to the Lord. I am ready!" He soon took her at her word!

Saturday before Septuagesima Sunday (Feb. 5, 1944) finally saw us bidding a last farewell to our mission field for a destination yet unknown. "Wait until this old war is over," Sister Theophane had often said to me, "and believe me we'll get things going again." I fully sided with her, always glad to touch up my moderate temperature on her blazing, steadily glowing spirit. Somehow I did not get a place beside her on the deck of the boat in spite of the fact that we had been sitting together on my suitcase, reciting Vespers and Compline and just musing together as we waited on shore for the officer's order to board. The last thing she did was to hand me my suitcase over the heads of the other fellow travelers crowding between us on deck.

When the Japanese officer on shore bade us farewell, he wished us a happy journey: "May God be with you. Our

\*St. Mary's Mission House, Techny, Ill. November, 1944.



planes will be out to escort you and protect you." Throats choked with emotion as the full reality of the event impressed itself on our minds.

Evening came. We drifted in the moonlight. The Japanese escort planes, where were they? Suddenly a command; a deafening roaring from the commanding officer on deck. The Japanese soldiers opened fire and the American plane above us let loose its bombs. One of them fell just beside our boat, soaking us with the splashing water, but doing no harm.

The next morning we sailed along a quiet sea. Septuagesima Sunday. My, how lovely! The sun was just rising. Gradually the "prisoners" bestirred themselves. Soon we were chatting away quite lively. Strange to say, everyone was unusually hilarious that morning! "What is today's Gospel?" someone asked as we turned to the text of the day's Mass. Ah, the laborers in the vineyard! Were we perhaps leaving the vineyard for good? But what time was it? We were not far from the island of Kariru and we wondered whether there might be a possibility of having holy Mass. I turned around and asked Father Luttmner, who always, because of his intense love for the Holy Eucharist, seemed to manage celebration of Mass even when all things pointed against him. "Father, do you think that we may still have Mass?" I asked.

As if gauging the distance to the shore, he paused for a moment, and said, "We shall soon know."

We shall soon know! How those last words of Father's still ring in my ears. Scarcely had their echo died away when a stir of excitement from the crowd set in. What was up? A number of American planes were appearing on the distant horizon. Swiftly they came towards us. "A whole squadron," Sister Theophane exclaimed. *Deus in adiutorium*. My God, we are lost!"

"Lie back," came an order from the Japanese officers. Lie back? What a foolish thing to do. How will our fliers see us and recognize that we are missionaries aboard? Again turning to Father Luttmner, I asked him, "Father, should we ask permission to wave?"

"No," was the reply. And Father's look might be interpreted as if to say with our divine Lord in the Garden: "Put up your sword in the scabbard. Could not my Father send a legion of angels? This is the hour!"

Yes, 100 times, or God knows how many times more, we were asked to face similar dangers of war. But now He had gathered together the sheaves for the harvest.

We all lay back. The Japanese soldiers on deck were ready with their machine guns and antiaircraft. The missionaries raised their prayers to heaven for mercy. All around me were voices in different accents, praying, pleading in the face of death. A few minutes and the first planes streaked across us. No shooting. The next wave of planes, with guns ablaze, strafed the boat amid hair-raising noises that drowned out every human voice. I held



my suitcase, containing an image of our Lady of Perpetual Help, above my head. Though I saw nothing of the action overhead, I felt the bullets whizzing past my ears and saw the debris of shrapnel gathering in my lap. Suddenly I felt a sudden snap on my left hand middle and ring fingers (but paid no attention to it then), a sharp blow under my shoulder, and another under my back. Around me the sighing and moaning and praying grew fainter. A gush of fluid streamed past me.

Presently some jumped up. Quite surprised that it was all over, I rose. But good Lord, what did I see! Battered bodies, mutilated limbs, mangled flesh, and flowing blood! Gradually, one after another, a few figures scrambled up, almost every one of them bleeding and stunned. But the confusion was only a matter of minutes. Immediately the survivors set to work raising up the wounded, praying, and preparing the dying. Next to me lay Sister Superior Milita's body. On the other side lay Sister Deotilla, Sister Gudulana, and Sister Annette. Sister Valentine was so patient; she died after about ten minutes, silent resignation on her face. I was with Sister Bernreda until her last breath, and shall never forget how she met Him, courageous and joyful. Sister Ferdinanda died with a smile on her lips. Sister Constantine was just at the point of death when I saw her; she slumbered off peacefully. Sister Theophane had been one of the first to die; also Sister Re-

gional Imelda. Sister Emiliana died soon from loss of blood. The priests and Brothers lay there like soldiers fallen in action, their breviaries clasped in their hands, or the rosary twined about their fingers.

Sister Dolorosia, my sister, lay on the lower part of the deck, two corpses thrown across her. I was more than consoled to find her still alive and very resigned. Her left thigh had been shot through twice. She assured me, if the Lord saw fit, she would be quite happy to meet Him. Sister Dolorosia lived another seven weeks of pain. During all that time she was not once able to turn on her side. The doctor marveled at her patience, especially when he had to make new incisions in the healthy flesh for a drainage duct, which was the case nearly every morning. Had the wounded been given proper medical care and food, many of them would probably be with us even today.

It would take days to tell all that happened in those 15 minutes, let alone the succeeding hours. It is impossible to describe our situation. Overwhelmed completely by sorrow, no one wept! It took us time to settle down; but the farther the scene was removed from our eyes and presence, the more vivid it became. We hardly dared speak of it to each other.

The wounded were taken ashore and placed on the beach, where they lay in the hot sun for hours until a tent was finally pitched over them. A Japanese doctor with a towel tied under his nose came to look after them. In a

little while he went to dinner, letting patients die of unspeakable, agonizing pain, and came back an hour later. There is no telling what the wounded suffered from heat, shock, thirst, and pain.

Before embarking, on Japanese orders, for the last stretch of the boat trip up the coast that afternoon, I made my rounds of the bodies by way of farewell. Some of them had their heads shot off, others were not recognizable. But there was nothing repelling about any one. Father Luttmmer, looking like another Father Doyle, bore on his countenance the expression of a saint, and that he had been.

We took the crucifixes for their relatives and slipped some of the rings on our own fingers. And then we had to depart, leaving our own behind! We looked with envy upon our departed missionaries. Truly, the best ones had "gone home." They had gone to heaven by an "express," as one Father afterwards put it.

We boarded the boat still stained with blood. At first the Japanese wanted the sick to remain; but when we protested going in that case, they took them also. Bishop Wolf was the last of the wounded to be carried onto the boat, quiet and resigned. "Very well, keep it," he said as I drew his episcopal cross from my pocket and showed it to him (a Brother had handed it to me). "There is a relic of the holy cross in it." Bishop Wolf went to his reward some time after we landed at Hollandia and was laid to rest among other missionaries in a secluded spot there.

Arrived at Hollandia, after three days' peaceful cruise, the wounded lay in two narrow rows under a thatched open shed, while the rest of us lay on grass strewn on the ground. My heart ached at mealtime when making the rounds with a bowl of rice or barley. Would that there had been just a morsel of bread to give the sick for a change. And at night, when the bombers crossed above, what a panic for the maimed patients! Should the air raids become bad, what would they do, not being able to move a step? One after the other succumbed and was carried off to the grave, so soon there was ample room for everyone.

As danger of Allied bombings grew from day to day down at the coast, we were taken farther in to the swamps some six miles distant. The trip took five hours. Time and again patients and stretcher-bearers fell in the mud. But none complained. Here the crucial test began. No proper shelter. Sister Superior Ehrentrudis with other Sisters slept under the house. Others erected a bunk every night in the open kitchen shed. Very often we were swamped out and soon every one was suffering from the effects. Besides, there was no proper food, neither for the sick nor others. It was usually after the bowl of rice or barley that we felt most hungry.

And so things went on day after day until we believed they could go that way no longer. In my boldness one morning after Communion, I prayed, "Lord, bomb us today, or change things for us. I can't see the wounded

in that state any longer." It was then just a week before our final deliverance from oppressors. Today, with everything we could crave at our disposal, we wonder how we could have been so fainthearted.

Now when at night we try to keep our feet warm, we think back to the days in Hollandia when we kept moving them to shoo away mosquitoes. I remember one of the first nights there, when the community had gone to sleep and I was filling up sandbags to use for weights on Sister Dolorosa's broken leg. The place was dark, and as I looked round the bay, fringed with somber mountains, and with the rolling waves of the sea coming and going, deep sadness came over me. I wondered then whether St. John on Patmos had experienced something similar when banished to that lonely isle.

On Saturday, April 22, when the U. S. forces swarmed into Hollandia, the Japanese officers became alarmed and ordered us to go with them into the swamps. "It's our last march," all thought, "what's the use of taking much along."

Somehow ejaculations had been almost constantly on my lips that memorable Saturday, and yet I did not really know why my heart should ache and tremble so. It was only when summoned to the Japanese officer that I realized the meaning of it all. "Sister Ottonia," said the interpreter, "feed the sick and leave."

"Leave the sick? I could never do that."

"We will send natives to fetch them."

"No, that will never do," I protested.

"I admire your bravery," he said, "but your wishes clash with ours."

"To abandon the sick to their fate is against our Christian principles," I put in, "and I'd rather be shot than do that."

Finally he acquiesced to my plea to stay, and I thanked him profusely. Thinking we would never meet again, the physically able Sisters left, amid sobs and tears. And while the Japanese ran like rabbits frightened by a hunter, our people were made to hurry along through the jungle, in knee-deep mud.

All that night the caravan seemed staggering along before my mind's eye. I could not bear to think of the faltering aged Sisters, many of them ailing with malaria, sloshing through the mud. But this night agony was superseded by a most joyful "Easter morning." Stunned, we could scarce believe our eyes when we saw our missionary group return to us. Shouts of joy rose up from both sides. The Japanese officers, we learned, seeing that some of our party could endure the strain no longer, feared that the enemy might catch up, and released them.

The next step would be to establish connection with the American invasion forces. After three days of anxious scheming and planning, Father Hagan with Brother Berchmans and a few others risked their lives before dawn by venturing down to the coast on their decisive mission. That afternoon there was a sudden excitement at the station. As I came out of the "hospital" to see what was happening I heard jubilant

voices: "The Americans are here! They are here, the Americans!" I thought my heart would leap from my breast for joy. Almost forgetting my dignity as a missionary Sister, I hastened toward the scene, and in another moment grabbed the hand of the first U.S. patrol, exclaiming, "Welcome, America, welcome!" Then I just drew aside and gave vent to overwhelming emotions by alternate laughing and weeping. There was America right down in New Guinea. The soldiers passed around crackers, cheese, and chewing gum. This brought smiles to the faces of our little charges.

The following morning, the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, we assembled for the last trek back to the coast. It was the same trail, through waist-deep water and mud, as six weeks ago,

but we all faced it with smiles this time. In one place the soldiers, up to their necks in water, with a few poles held above their shoulders, formed a human bridge across a small stream for all to walk across. We were speechless. Fasting since the previous afternoon, they plodded along with the stretchers of the sick, often floundering in the deep mud, for almost ten hours. May the good Lord reward our chivalrous boys. Today we are enjoying first-class treatment in Australia at the hands of the U. S. Army.

While all of the survivors are slowly recuperating from the effects of sickness, malnutrition and overwork in past months, we feel awakening within us, stronger than ever, the desire to be back among our people in New Guinea.



The English Channel, separating Nazi from Ally, *Luftwaffe* from RAF and USAAF, figures in many of the fliers' stories. Our favorite yarn about the choppy stretch of water between the Continent and the island aircraft carrier of Britain could have been apocryphal; it was told of half a dozen fliers. But it could have been true, too. There were plenty of airmen to swear it was.

An American airman was given a flask of brandy by a British friend before starting on a mission. The airman stuck the pint flask in the top of his flying boot and took off. His plane was shot down and he bailed out over the Channel. As he floated around in the cold water, his life jacket inflated, he remembered the flask. He took a sip to keep warm, and another, and another. Another plane sighted him, radioed for the Air/Sea Rescue Service. A launch put out from shore, and while it was on the way the airman floated and sipped to keep warm.

When the rescue craft did arrive and picked the Yank up, its British crew noticed the American was a bit unsteady. Assuming this was due to exhaustion, the captain suggested, "Believe you'd better go below, old fellow."

With offended dignity the Yank drew himself erect and replied, "I've never yet stayed around where I wasn't wanted," and dived back overboard.

They fished him out again with apologies all around.

From *Air Gunner* by Sgt. Bud Hutton and Sgt. Andy Rooney (Farrar, 1944).



# Capt. Charles Boycott

By PHILIP ROONEY

A word that is a weapon

Condensed from *Irish Travel*\*

He was a baffled man, this Capt. Charles Boycott, agent of the Earl of Erne's Mayo Estates on Lough Mask shore in Eire. For years he had ruled with an iron hand all that spread of wild and lovely country which sweeps northward along the lake shore from Cong. He had ruled ruthlessly, making full use of process and notice to quit, of eviction-squad and crowbar brigade, cowing the tenantry into sullen obedience.

And now, in those early summer days of 1880, a strange spirit of revolt was abroad in the lakeside fields and farms of Lough Mask. The tenants had hearkened to Parnell's advice, to his grim plan that the land-grabber and the land-tyrant should be punished by ostracism—"by isolating him from his kind," thundered Parnell. The tenants of Lough Mask had taken that advice. That day the servants and workmen of Captain Boycott had left him in a body.

Anger had Boycott by the throat as he stood in the silent, deserted house, looking out over the shining lake. Anger held him and it drove him to an angry vow.

"I have close on £300 worth of crops standing," he swore, "and I'll save every sheaf and ear of it in spite of Parnell, Davitt, or the devil himself."

In the days that followed he was to

find how hard it was to keep that promise. All through the long days of June the rooms and yards of Lough Mask house were heavy with idleness. No man would save the captain's crops, no one would drive his car, the smith would not shoe his horses, the laundress would not wash for him, the grocer would not supply him with goods, the postman would not deliver his letters.

Stubbornly, Boycott struck back. By the month's end, with the meadows standing overripe for the scythe, the big house hummed with life again. Pretty girls from the great families of Galway and Roscommon and matrons from the gentry houses of the Midlands battled inexpertly with the work of housemaid and kitchen gardener. Hunting squires from the Blazer country and militia officers and subalterns of the garrisons in Birr and Athlone swaggered through the meadows, making a picnic holiday of the haymaking. Captain Boycott's friends had rallied to his aid.

But the valuable corn crop still stood, and the amateur haymakers had neither the skill nor will to harvest it. Once more Boycott's friends supported him. In Dublin and London some of the newspapers and politicians clamored that the government should send aid to him. A call for help went north-

\**Irish Tourist Ass'n. 14, Upper O'Connell St., Dublin, C. 8, Ireland. October, 1944.*



ward, and, tempted by promises of lavish wages, close on half a hundred workers volunteered for service in the harvest fields of Lough Mask.

The volunteer workers, however, would not move south to Mayo until guarantees of protection had been made to them. And when, eventually, they came, the country looked in amazement on what must have been the strangest harvest preparations in history, for the harvesters marched, fully armed, down the road to Lough Mask, guarded by a full regiment of soldiers and accompanied by a company of artillery with two field guns.

All through the mellow harvest weather that unique harvesting went forward, the volunteer workmen laboring in the alien corn behind a military cordon in battle array. From Dublin and Galway, under police escort, came every ounce of their food. Even their beer and tobacco were freighted in under government protection.

At last the strange harvesting was finished. Captain Boycott had fulfilled his promise: he had saved his crops.

But the crops he had saved were valued at less than £350, while the estimated cost of harvesting was more than £4,000.

A hollow victory. So hollow that Captain Boycott fled from the country, and in Mayo the land war against rack-renting gained new impetus. In the week of Boycott's flight, Father John O'Malley, parish priest of Lough Mask district, addressed his parishioners at the Neale and bade them make good use of this new weapon against landlordism.

"We have a weapon against the rack-renter," he told them. "We can isolate him. We can ostracize him. We can——"

He paused, at a loss for a word which would be readily understood and easily remembered by his hearers. Behind him on the platform, Redpath, the American journalist, who was reporting the land war for the New York press, leaned forward and whispered a suggestion that was to give a new word to the English language: "Boycott him!"



## Down and Up

When B-25 bomber crews were ordered to raid St. Michael's cathedral at Alexishafen, New Guinea, they were loath to attack a church. They took their problem to Chaplain Eugene J. Reilly, who investigated and found that the Japanese were using the cathedral as a storehouse. He told the pilots that it was undoubtedly a military objective. The next day the bombers leveled it. But the pilots were still unhappy. They took up a collection and in two days raised \$1,314 to be used toward rebuilding St. Michael's, which, before the war, was staffed by the Society of the Divine Word.

*The Christian Family and Our Missions (Nov. '44).*

# Doctor of the Impossible

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

Condensed chapter of a book\*

Medical matador

**One bright** Saturday several thousand persons sat in the stands of the arena at Tegucigalpa, mountain capital of Honduras, waiting for the bullfight to begin. It was a glorious occasion. Not only were they to see four good bulls dispatched, but also, with their admissions, they were contributing toward the nation's first tuberculosis sanitarium. Sponsors of the fight were the doctors of Honduras and the editorial staff of the Honduran medical magazine.

The *banderilleros* flung their darts. The picadors drove their spears. Then, catastrophe! The matadors, whose job it was to slay the beasts, fled. The crowd began to boo and stamp, and finally to clamor for the return of their money. In the box, where the doctors sat unhappily watching their sanitarium thus vanishing, a broad-shouldered young medico, Dr. Ricardo Aguilar-Meza, stirred and then suddenly sprang to the railing. An older doctor grasped his arm and shouted, "Idiot, you can't fight bulls."

Dr. Ricardo bowed. "In this case," he said, "fighting bulls is the same as fighting tuberculosis." He leaped into the bull ring. A moment later another young doctor, Augusto Monteroso, followed.

The crowd roared its applause. This was a rare show—doctors operating on

bulls in the arena with cape and sword. The operation was successful and the crowd carried them off on its shoulders in triumph.

The story of the bullfight is the keynote to the character of a great Middle American doctor, a man who has repeatedly demonstrated his ability to accomplish the impossible.

His greatest triumph arose out of his love for children and his desire to see them cared for properly. One day when the physician was still young, a farmer from a remote hillside brought in a sick child. Dr. Ricardo made the conventional blood test and found the concentration of malarial sporozoa frighteningly high. The physician caressed the dying child, opened his medicine bag, and resolved that some day he would establish an institution to help those poor country children of the tropics, who considered malaria unavoidable. Today, twenty years later, at Tiquisate in western Guatemala, Dr. Aguilar-Meza has founded a hospital for little ones, which is proving that excessive sickness and death among children in hot countries can be prevented.

From long experience Dr. Ricardo knew that child health is the real keynote of preventive medicine in the tropics. There the bodies of children are the usual reservoirs for malaria,

\*Middle America. 1944. W. W. Norton & Co., Inc. New York City. 317 pp. \$3.50.

tuberculosis, leprosy, and other diseases. Adult health is likely to be decided during the first six years of life. He also knew the hospital business at first hand.

It was his job to plan, equip, and superintend a 250-bed United Fruit Co. hospital at Tiquisate, one of the best rural medical centers in the hemisphere. Primarily an adults' hospital, there was unused space on the ground floor, and here Dr. Ricardo announced one day he proposed to establish his hospital for infants and minors.

He had saved a few thousand quetzales from his practice and out of royalties from his medical books and translations. That much was ready cash; enough for a beginning. He divided the vacant space into four big wards and several bathrooms and playrooms. He called in painters and told them, "Make this room look bright and happy. Make it look like a good place to live in, not to die in." He bought 50 attractive cribs and high chairs, playpens for young children, several crates of assorted toys, an oversized ice-cream freezer, and a good supply of quinine and honey. He directed the laying of gaily colored tile floors. He selected four superior nurses and a good dietitian.

Finally Dr. Ricardo discovered a native house painter who is a Walt Disney addict. With typical Latin-American dexterity, the painter began producing beaming Mickey Mouses and Plutos to hang on the walls, and he splattered the bathrooms with Donald Ducks.

The "impossible" children's hospital was almost ready. But its operation called for still more money, too much to be raised by a fiesta, or even a charity bullfight. "A children's hospital is not charity," said the doctor. "It is the world's best investment. It builds the future and makes the physician's work ten times more valuable!"

The biggest employer and investor in the Tiquisate area is the Compania Agricola de Guatemala, Guatemalan division of the United Fruit Co. Dr. Ricardo proceeded to the manager's office. He described his idea of a free hospital for children, took a deep breath, and raised his request by \$5,000. The boss gazed at the ceiling philosophically and said, "God helps those who help themselves. I'm not God, but we'll raise the ante \$5,000 more."

Late in 1941, Dr. Ricardo opened his children's hospital. Little Alberto Gomez, age six, was the first patient. Like little Hijo Gaitan, 20 years earlier, Alberto suffered from a virulent type of malaria, and, like Hijo, Alberto believed everybody has malaria. The fact that Hijo died and Alberto is now well is no accident. Malaria is curable and, with proper facilities, preventable.

The children's hospital has such facilities. To the limit of its capacity, 50 children, the refuge is free to all sick children of the Tiquisate area of about 400 square miles. It has already cured hundreds. Youthful patients (the usual ages are six months to nine years) come by train, by burro, often on the back of a father or mother too poor to

own pack animals. The greatest number are Indian or of mixed blood.

Somewhat more than 50 years ago at Heredia, Costa Rica, Dr. Ricardo was born to first-hand knowledge of poor and sick children and to defiance of the word *impossible*. He was the 11th of 15 children, including two pairs of twins and one set of triplets, all born within 11 years. His childhood home at San José was a two-room house with dirt floors, no windows, and no illumination except when a neighbor donated a candle. There was no bed for Ricardo.

At 15, with both parents dead, Ricardo resolved to follow in the steps of his illustrious grandfather, Dr. José Meza Orellana, one of the first great plague-fighters of Central America. Ricardo had no money for schooling, but a cousin helped him through two years of high school at San José and two years of college at Cartago, where he led his class. Graduated and broke, he scrubbed schoolhouse floors to earn his railroad fare to Puerto Limón. There he stowed away aboard a German liner, was hauled before the captain, and signed on for a two-year term as fireman's helper.

One night in Havana a friend gave him a steamer ticket to the U. S. Ricardo landed in New York penniless, and spent his first night in Battery Park covered with newspapers. He found jobs as dishwasher, cigar-factory janitor, and messenger boy, and after completing a night course in an installment-plan business school, he became a secretary in a newspaper office.

By 1915 he had a diploma in dentistry, one good suit, a set of forceps, and no money. He returned to Costa Rica on borrowed ship fare. Unable to raise the 300 colons for his license, he found a job as a dentist's assistant in San José. One afternoon he fell asleep while molding a set of uppers. He was awakened by a beautiful girl who introduced herself as his distant cousin Angela. She, too, was an apprentice dentist. A few months later, boy dentist married girl dentist. The couple promptly set out to drill, fill, and scrape Ricardo's way to a degree in medicine. Friends and relatives thought them deranged. But the couple moved to Tegucigalpa, where Ricardo entered medical school and with his bride set up in dental practice. The couple's first son, little Ricardo, was born just as the influenza epidemic of 1918 struck Honduras, dealing death rates two or three times those of the U. S. Ricardo, although still a student, was dispatched to minister to the sick.

Not long after he became a full-fledged doctor of medicine, revolution broke out and he went to the battle front, where he became surgeon to both government and revolutionary forces. To anyone else that might be impossible. One can't be chief surgeon for two opposing armies at the same time. But Ricardo felt that such formalities as banners or insignias should make no real difference to a physician.

With a suitcase dispensary and a new stethoscope dangling from his smock pocket, he climbed on a burro, trailed through arroyos and jungles,



and treated as many of the sick and wounded as he could find, directing a muleback dispensary, digging out bullets, doctoring the sick, and amputating mangled limbs. He estimated that he got ten years of medical experience in six weeks, also the resolution to become a master surgeon.

When the revolt was ended, Dr. Ricardo discarded his blood-smeared uniform, donned workman's clothes, and wore out his last pair of boots walking home. He promptly became a member of the Honduras National Faculty of Medicine, editor of the medical magazine, and a private practitioner. That was more work than any one man could possibly do. So Dr. Ricardo did it and took on still other jobs.

He returned to Costa Rica, first as physician to the poor, then as physician and lecturer for the San José schools. He liked the work and the people. He liked being a physician. But he was keenly conscious of the crying need for surgeons. He opened a private hospital that featured free surgery for the poor. That was unprecedented and impossible. But Dr. Ricardo did it and charged the well-to-do accordingly. He bought a home, which an earthquake promptly razed. He pulled his family out of the rubble and got to the hospital just in time for three emergency operations.

He became chief surgeon of the Limon hospital in Costa Rica, then went to Guatemala as surgeon for the famed Quirigua hospital. It is highly unusual for a man to gain surgical eminence in three Latin-American coun-

tries, but Dr. Ricardo didn't stop at that. Ten years ago he was made a fellow of the American College of Surgeons, and was granted membership in five other honorary medical groups in as many different countries. His roster of major operations has climbed far into the thousands.

Recently he took a train trip and as usual rode in the cab with the engineer. Just as the train pulled into the station one *hombre* shot another. The doctor sprang out of the cab and administered first aid. An onlooker shouted, "There's a doctor who gets to the shooting before the trigger is pulled!"

The resilient medico barely had time to wash his hands when he was called back to his hospital to look after two particularly troublesome surgery cases. Case A, a youth with a badly injured foot, urgently needed a large-area skin graft. Case B, with a badly injured leg, required several inches of bone graft to save the leg. A few minutes after the doctor's arrival, an ambulance brought in a suicide, a young man who had thrown himself in front of a speeding train: he died in the emergency room. Dr. Ricardo rushed to the operating room and promptly grafted skin from the suicide's foot to the foot of Case A, and bone from the suicide's leg to the leg of Case B, thus making two well men from one who thought himself of no further use. Though theoretically impossible, that feat, like so many others of Dr. Ricardo's, has become proved fact and surgical history.

"So long as there is life and a tomor-



row, nothing is impossible." That is Dr. Ricardo's favorite proverb. He is certain that younger doctors will appear to continue and extend the work. He points proudly to his secretary and business manager, who is his daughter Angelita. "That child is a dental surgeon, *Señor*, and a good one!" He speaks of his young son, Ruben An-

dino, who was graduated recently from a British medical school and has joined his father in Guatemala. Dr. Ricardo stops abruptly, "That little boy, this *hijo* of mine! To think that he is a doctor already! Fantastic! *Señor*, it is absolutely im—" The doctor's teeth snap together. He is silenced in the nick of time.



## When Tibet Had a Catholic Lama

By FRANCIS HOWARD

Condensed from the *Missionary*\*

History's castaway

**Most persons** picture Tibet as a high, mountainous country, eternally wrapped in snow, and ruled by a strange Buddhist high priest called the Dalai Lama. They have probably never heard that one of the important kings of that country was once converted to Catholicism.

His name was Chodakpo, and he ruled the "roof of the world" in the third decade of the 17th century. Chodakpo's conversion came about as the result of a historic mission. In the early 1600's the Jesuit Fathers in Agra and Lahore in India determined to find out more about the ancient Christian churches and states which had long been rumored to exist somewhere in the vast Asian territory known as Cathay.

In March, 1624, Father Antonio de

Andrada, of the Society of Jesus, and a native of Portugal, set out from Agra at the head of a mission bound for the far-off plateau country. Toiling forward, they passed through Delhi, Srinagar, and Ghariwal, and at length went into Tibet by the Mana passes. They descended toward the basin of the Sulej in western Tibet, and finally reached Tsaparang, the capital of the province of Guge.

There King Chodakpo gave Father Antonio and his missionaries a warm welcome and told his subjects to extend them every courtesy. They were comfortably housed and provided with the best food in the city. The visitors made such a favorable impression upon the king that he asked Father Antonio to return the following year. This the Jesuit did, and as time passed, his

\*411 W. 59th St., New York City, 19. November, 1944.

influence grew with the king and his followers. Only the lamas, the Buddhist priests, showed any ill feeling. At last Father Antonio had gathered such a large group of converts that a church was built.

The lamas were furious. They blamed King Chodakpo for ever consenting to it. Believing their power was threatened throughout all Tibet, they secretly began to plot against the ruler.

In the meantime, Father Antonio was called away to take the office of provincial at Goa. The seed he sowed, however, bore good fruit. After doing all he could to help the priest's mission, King Chodakpo took the final step. In an impressive ceremony, he and his brother were baptized into the Catholic Church. Thus, Tibet had a Christian ruler for the first time in history!

It was inevitable that the lamas would try to overthrow the king. The Jesuit fathers who had followed Father Antonio as priests in charge of the new church were opposed in all they tried to do.

Because he had turned Christian, a

trap was laid for Chodakpo. Through a subterfuge, he was persuaded to invite the king of Ladakh to Tsaparang. Once this other king had come, the lamas staged an uprising, and Chodakpo was besieged in his castle. The king managed to hold out for several months, but his followers gradually fell away, and he was finally obliged to capitulate. He was carried off in chains and nothing more was ever heard of him.

The new king did not wreak any vengeance on the Jesuit mission. He did not bother with it at all. But as it had lost its royal patron, the Tibetans shunned it and its power was gone. Gradually the converts fell away, and by 1642 none was left in Tsaparang.

For many years the story of Chodakpo's conversion was unknown to the outside world. But an Englishman, Macworth Young, made a visit to Tibet in 1912, and found a letter written by the priest in charge of the mission at Tsaparang to Father Antonio, the provincial at Goa, in 1626, telling in detail about Chodakpo's conversion.



### Interruption

One southern England congregation has had its fill of flying bombs, and taken them in its devotional stride.

"Sunday mornings," the parish priest says, "seems to be the worst time. One Sunday the roof slates caved in during 11-o'clock Mass, when a bomb dropped about 100 yards away. We swept the soot and mortar off the altar cloth, renewed the Offertory, because the altar bread was too soiled to use, and went on with the Mass. Only one woman went home; the remainder of the congregation, having shaken off the soot and plaster, stayed in their places for the rest of Mass."

*The London Catholic Herald* (28 July '44).

# Victims of Soviet Duplicity

By JOHN S. MIX, C.R.

Snare and delusion

Condensed from the *Cantian*\*

**W**arsaw has fallen for the second time in five years. In each instance it fell only after a magnificent defense. In 1939 Mayor Starzynski was the rallying spirit behind the defense; in 1944 it was General "Bor" and his underground Polish Home Army who failed. In each case the people awaited help and reinforcements. In September of 1939, Warsaw radio called frantically for the promised English and French help that never came; in 1944 the so-called Committee of Liberation, or Lublin committee, had called upon Warsaw Poles to rise in rebellion, only to leave them to slaughter, while the Russians looked on from across the Vistula as Nero once looked on burning Rome.

And so Warsaw stands completely destroyed only because two enemies of long standing, Germany and Russia, decided, long before they went at each other's throats, that Poland must be destroyed.

The Germans as well as the Russians have never had any love for Poland. The Germans have from the beginning wanted to occupy as much as possible of Poland. Their "*Drang nach Osten*" would have perhaps succeeded long ago had not the Polish Army ended their aspirations in 1410 with a decisive victory at Grunwald.

The hatred of Russian Slavs for Pol-

ish Slavs is of much longer standing; that perhaps, is why it is more fanatical than that of the Germans. The origin of that hate dates back to the year 966, when Poland's first ruler, King Mieszko, together with the entire Polish nation, embraced Catholicism. In that year the Poles tied themselves to the western world and severed relations with Russia. Russia has since done her utmost to destroy Poland.

In 1772, the two nations encouraged a third, Austria, to help them carve Poland. Poland was having internal trouble, so they delegated themselves to put the country in order by dividing it up among themselves. Two more partitions followed, in 1793 and 1795, and Poland ceased to exist. Germany and Russia occupied the larger portions; the southeastern part fell to Austria. Lwow and Krakow were under the protective wing of the Austrian Empire; this is good to remember in view of the present demands of Russia.

Ever since the total dismemberment of Poland, Germany and Russia did their best to Germanize and Russianize the Poles. Under German domination Poles were forced to abandon the teaching of their mother tongue in schools; German became the official language.

Russia hit at Poland with vengeance

\*3689 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, 8, Mo. November, 1944.

from the very outset. In the 18th century Catherine the Great directed her favorite general, Alexander Suvorov, to Russianize Warsaw. He did a wonderful job. He murdered 35,000 civilian Poles in the Warsaw suburb of Praga, the same Praga where Stalin's Red armies were stalled and failed to toss Hitler's rear guard out of Warsaw.

At the Congress of Vienna in 1814, while Britain and other powers established "eternal peace," Russia demanded and got renewed control of Poland. Czar Alexander II at that time tried his hand at Russianizing the Poles. In his hatred for the Catholic Church he had the great Catholic cathedral in the center of Warsaw torn down and replaced with an immense Greek Orthodox church.

Like the Germans, the Russians ordered Russian as the official language in every educational and civil department. Poles were continually subjected to every humiliation and persecution the Russians could think up; those who complained were promptly sent into Siberian exile.

This attack on an innocent people, which lasted for 150 years, came to an end in 1918. Poland once again took her place among the great nations of the world. Those who have followed the growth of Poland since her rebirth must admit that her strides were phenomenal, and, if any people of Europe tried to enjoy the peace that was given them and remain neutral forever that they might build up a strong nation, the Poles certainly did.

It is now history, and it can be ad-

judged as part of the most shameful history ever recorded, that whatever differences Germany and Russia had, they agreed on one thing: the annihilation of the Polish nation. Within a period of three and a half years both have succeeded in murdering close to 4 million persons, and they exiled and enslaved at forced labor another 4 million, both within the Reich and in Siberia.

If the epic stand of the Poles of Warsaw in September, 1939, and their heroic death together with their valiant leader Stefan Starzynski, won sympathy, surely the recent wholesale murder of the Polish people in Warsaw and the destruction of that once beautiful city should evoke indignation. Encouraged by the constant appeals of the Lublin committee and the Soviet government, the Polish underground under General "Bor" rose from the cellars and tunnels that combed the city, thinking that their hour of liberation was at hand. But something happened to the invincible Russian armies! Some unseen power held them at the very gates of Warsaw. The fine Home Army of the Warsaw Poles under General Tadeusz Komorowski fought with fury, and the first week gave every hope of driving out the Germans. To do that they counted on their "allies" from the East; that was wishful thinking; the Russians did not intend to help. As their commanders later spouted with mendacious anger, the uprising was premature, not authorized by Moscow. That is just what the Russians had ordered! By lying and mur-



der they have managed to get their German enemies to liquidate the Poles for them. Warsaw was crucified again!

German war correspondents in Warsaw during the 63-day fight of the Polish Home Army with the *Wehrmacht* report that never in this entire war was there such utter destruction, such a hell on earth, or such unconquerable warriors as those of the Home Army, who refused to surrender so long as they still had a bullet or a crust of bread. They speak of seeing only burned houses and deserted factories, smoking ruins.

True, the ravages in Warsaw are unparalleled. But what of the hundreds of thousands who spattered with their blood and brains the streets and cellars of their beloved Warsaw in that most ill-fated and betrayed struggle? What of the tens of thousands of prisoners from Warsaw who have been sent to Oswiecim, where the Germans have begun executing them in gas chambers? What of those who are still in a Warsaw reduced to rubble? Indescribable hunger reigns. There is only enough water for the sick. The air reeks with the smell of corpses. In the cellars of many buildings are persons still alive, but there is little hope of rescue.

The blame for the fate of Warsaw can without scruple be placed squarely on the shoulders of Moscow and the Lublin Committee of Liberation. Unimpeachable evidence shows that they are responsible for what happened to Warsaw and to a large extent for what is still happening to Poland. Moscow had everything to gain by helping the Polish underground oust the Germans; the Committee of Liberation, if it is composed of Poles, as the Russians claim it is, should have come to the aid of their brethren.

Poland has always been called the bulwark of Christianity, the bastion of Western civilization. Today she is infinitely more, she is the acid test of our war aims. If she is forced to accept communism against the wishes of her people; if she is to sacrifice her national sovereignty, her national integrity, to appease imperialistic greed, then all the blood and sweat and tears shed not only at Warsaw but in every theater of war will have been in vain, and Poland and the rest of the world will be no better off than on Sept. 1, 1939. And should this come to pass, the Atlantic Charter will go down in history as one of the shrewdest pieces of deception ever foisted upon peace-desiring peoples.



During the siege of Paris in 1870 the food problem became so acute that the animals in the zoo were killed for food. But the monkeys were spared because of the Darwinian notion that they are our ancestors.

Thomas A. Lahey, C.S.C. in the *Ave Maria* (4 Nov. '44).



# Marriage Is Not a Private Affair

By FRANCIS REED HOY

The core of all creation

Condensed from the *Altoona Register*\*

One of Hollywood's worst sins has been its light treatment of wedded life. Not only by the terrifying example of its leading stars in their private lives, but also by inference, if not by none-too-subtle film display, Hollywood has made marriage trivial and common. It has helped popularize (if, indeed, it did not engender), the existing frivolous and thoughtless attitude toward the holy state of wedlock.

Contrary to Hollywood and the title of an otherwise not obnoxious movie, marriage is *not* a private affair. It is the most social action, outside of religion itself, that two people can perform. It is the very foundation of the social order, since it begets the primary unit of civilization, the family.

There are many matters of private concern in each and every marriage, but marriage itself is no more a private affair than is the holy priesthood, which is the cornerstone of Christian life. Holy Orders and Matrimony are social sacraments. They have a private element insofar as they are received by individuals and give them all the graces necessary to fulfill the obligations of their state in life. But, and this is of eminent importance, neither of these sacraments is received for the benefit of the person primarily, but for the good of society itself.

That is why the vocation to the

priesthood is looked upon as a sacrifice. It is a sacrifice precisely because a young man agrees to give up much of his independence and deny himself certain personal rights, to become the spiritual father of men. He agrees to do whatever is expected of him in his chosen life for the eternal welfare of others. He does not offer the Sacrifice of the Mass for himself alone; he may not. He cannot receive any of the other sacraments, of which he is the custodian, from his own hands. He is taken by God from among men and ordained for men in the things that appertain to God. In other words, he is called by God to work for men, and their salvation. By doing so he hopes to win his own salvation, but his priesthood is essentially for others and for the good of mankind.

Analogously, a vocation to the married state involves a social action. It is not intended by God to be merely a legalized medium for sexual pleasure, as it is so often considered. It does give validly married people certain sexual privileges which, if exercised outside the wedded state, are sinful. But even these privileges are not entirely a private matter. The reason such permission is given by God is primarily for the good of the human race, and for the wedded couple only secondarily.

This is clear from the fact that the pri-

\*1211 13th St., Altoona, Pa. Nov. 5, 1944.

mary purpose, or end, of marriage is social (the procreation and education of children), and the secondary purpose is private (mutual assistance and the remedy of concupiscence).

Hence, to exclude arbitrarily God's first purpose in exercising the marital privileges is grossly sinful; to frustrate deliberately His divine plan calls to heaven for vengeance.

God is not the terrible taskmaster some guilty consciences consider Him to be. He realizes full well that married life, too, is a sacrifice, in some cases perhaps even more than the priesthood. And for that reason He attaches so much bodily pleasure to the marital privileges, and so much moral contentment and happiness to the mutual love of husband and wife, and to the enjoyment of family life. But those who are about to enter the married state should know, and those

who are in it should realize, that it involves not only private happiness and pleasure, but also, and primarily, it embodies the great social action which perpetuates the human race.

In a manner similar to the priesthood, the married state is for the benefit of others, although not as exclusively. The priesthood, too, has some personal benefit, especially the satisfaction of doing God's work exclusively and of bringing others closer to God. But even this is connected directly with the social nature of the sacrament. And, just as the priest may not use the prerogatives of his office exclusively for his own good or pleasure, much less abuse them selfishly, so neither may those in the married state use nor abuse their God-given privileges.

Marriage, then, is not a private affair; it is the basic social action of the universe.

## Flights of Fancy

When she reigns, she bores.—*O. A. Battista.*

As gentle as one snowflake falling upon another.—*Francis P. Donnelly, S.J.*

If a man harbors any sort of fear, it makes him landlord to a ghost.—*Lloyd C. Douglas.*

Riches have wings; but there never has been a case where they took a man to heaven.—*Luke McLuke.*



Like angels gliding around languidly looking for a holy card on which to alight.—*Walter Farrell, O.P.*

Looking on the bright side, it is now possible to give up smoking without a physician's advice.—*Boston Daily Globe.*

In this world there are only two tragedies. One is getting what one wants, and the other is not getting it.—*Oscar Wilde.*

[Readers are invited to submit figures of speech and other well-turned phrases similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. Exact source must be given. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

# The U.S. in Puerto Rico

By SISTER VINCENT, S.N.D. DE N.

Doorstep problem

Condensed from the *Exponent*\*

**Puerto Rico** is a case apart. None of the U. S. overseas possessions in 1898, or even today, was quite like it. Three things distinguished it: its fully developed national unity, its fast-growing population, ethnically united, and its large white majority. Its language, culture, and customs, steeped in Hispanic tradition, were deep-rooted. The U. S., more or less experimenting in territorial government in 1898, was to provide an adequate basis of law and order for the 815,000 inhabitants. They had neither requested annexation nor staged a revolution to secede from Spain. From Spain they had received better treatment than that accorded other possessions and had even been launched upon an autonomous form of government when General Miles and his troops landed July 23. It is said the natives welcomed the invaders and refused to assist the Spanish soldiers in their weak defense operations. They were probably more than gratified at the assuring tone of General Miles' proclamation:

"The people of the U. S. bring you the fostering arm of a nation of free people, whose greatest power is in justice and humanity to all those living within its fold, to bring you protection, not only to yourselves, but to your property, to promote your prosperity, and to bestow upon you the immuni-

ties and blessings of the liberal institutions of our government."

The conditions of health in the island might be considered as of prime importance in personal protection. And these can be judged from a few statements. The mortality rate is twice as high as in the U. S. and Canada, and highest in the western hemisphere. Five times as many are tubercular as in the U. S.; 90% of the rural population and 40% of the urban are infected with hookworm; of the residents along the coastal plain, 22% to 50% have malaria. The causes of those diseases are inferior diet, housing and clothing.

The few very wealthy in the island are not included in the 1,900,000 whose chief food is rice and beans (on which rats grow to half size). To this diet can be traced the high tuberculosis rate. With the average yearly salary at \$120 for the family, and food prices higher than those of continental U. S., three out of four Puerto Ricans are in a state of chronic starvation.

In a climate in which adequate housing would require shelter from only sun and rain, 75% of the people live in what New Yorkers would class as slum conditions; and one-third of the slums, housing more than 250,000 human beings in urban areas, are considered the worst in the world. Many are reclaimed land areas where the drain-

\*University of Dayton, Dayton, Ohio. October, 1944.

age has been variously effective, results ranging from swamp conditions to a foot or so deep in water. There are no sanitation facilities, one spigot serving hundreds of families.

In the typical *jibaro* shack of the inland region, ten to 12 men, women and children eat and sleep in the same room. In the city slum dwellings the average is four or five to the room. Generations of such crowding have resulted in a virtual disappearance of sexual morality and a consequent increase in disease. Father Leo Trese, writing in *Commonweal* of a recent visit to the island, gives a graphic picture of conditions in Fonguito, one of the slums around San Juan.

"We entered a shack here and there, visiting the sick; a young man of 20, syphilitic and intermittently insane; a middle-aged woman in the last stage of tuberculosis; a young matron dying. As I followed gingerly down the narrow lanes, stepping from tin cans to rocks in the vain hope of preserving dry feet; as I passed here a little girl minus a hand, there another startlingly cross-eyed; here a one-legged boy and there a man with legs incredibly twisted beneath him; as I looked at naked children squatting in the scum, playing with empty bottles, and lean pigs rooting in the mire beside the children, it seemed like a horribly overdone movie set, an impossible nadir of human misery."

People who cannot afford sufficient food are going to spend relatively less on clothing. So the vast majority of Puerto Ricans are in rags, and shoes

are an unknown luxury. The latter fact accounts for the great prevalence of hookworm, which might be prevented so easily.

All social ills have been blamed on overpopulation. This is not an accurate appraisal. It is true that the 2 million inhabitants form one of the world's greatest population densities. There is an extremely high birth rate. In 1936, as a result of pressure from the U. S., the island legislature legalized the distribution of information on artificial birth control. This measure has been ineffective. Father Trese suggests a religious and moral revival which would eliminate the 32% of illegitimate births. Someone remarked when the Birth-Control bill was being considered that what was needed was not a measure to limit the number in the family, but to limit the number of families one man can have. Of the three U. S. possessions, Puerto Rico, the Hawaiian Islands, and the Virgin Islands, Puerto Rico is the only one in which births are not registered and so not stated in the census. It is also the only U. S. possession for which the U. S. lists those consensually married. The number is equal to 40% of those legally married.

This appalling moral condition evidences the religious indifferentism of the island. The Catholic Church, of which nearly all Puerto Ricans are nominal members, is definitely on the decline. If even in 1899 Puerto Rico was reported as a Catholic island without religion, it is even more so today. Then church attendance had been almost wholly given up. People were an-



tagonistic toward the Spanish priests, many of whose lives were a reproach to their office. American missionaries since the U. S. occupation have never been able to bring back the people to active Catholicity. Today there are too few priests, only 240 for the 2 million people. The Protestants have 500 missionaries in the Puerto Rican field.

Property protection, to assure the Puerto Ricans of their rich agricultural land, was provided for in the Organic Act of 1900. No land in excess of 500 acres was to be held by any individual. Through the years this law has been quietly and consistently violated. By 1938 all the silt-covered coastal plains and choice mountain land was owned by a few big sugar companies and well-to-do native farmers. In that year the Insular Department of Justice began enforcement of the 500-acre clause. But the real work of reform came with the radical legislation passed by the 1940 Insular Legislature, in which for the first time the conservative republican element, representing the Big Four (Central Aguirre, Fajardo Sugar, South Puerto Rico Sugar, Eastern Sugar) and other moneyed interests of the island, lost the majority.

The measures were put through by a new political group which rose from nothing to prominence in less than two years. Under the leadership of Luis Munoz-Marin the Populares are attempting to place under state control the means and tools of production in Puerto Rico. A series of government corporations known as authorities were established to take over every

public utility on the island. The Land Authority is the most controversial feature, for it has been empowered to buy up all land held in excess of 500 acres by companies as well as individuals. The purpose is to redistribute the land among the more energetic *jibaros* and, by keeping the control in the country, keep the money there also.

Experience gained from the work of the Puerto Rican Reconstruction Administration (1937-1941) proved that cooperative farming cannot succeed in the island, because of the character of the Puerto Rican. The general apathy and curious lack of ambition may well be the result of years of abject poverty which has killed initiative and foresight. At any rate, physical labor is more than frequently regarded as an evil to be avoided as far as possible, and especially where one is an owner. The new Proportional Benefit Farms are being tried, to circumvent these human factors. The state leases 100 to 500 acres of land to a qualified farmer who manages the farm as if it were his own, hiring and firing laborers, paying them the going wage. They have no voice in management, their relation to the manager being practically the same as it previously was to the big absentee-owned sugar companies. But at the end of the year when expenses have been paid, and the lessee takes out 5 to 15% profit, the profits are divided among the workers according to their year's payroll earning.

The general prosperity of Puerto Rico, of which General Miles assured the populace in 1898, has been vari-



ously promoted and neglected since. Many argue that the island was already degenerating economically and socially, and that the U. S. has succeeded only in slowing down the process. On the one hand, there is the statement of President Coolidge in 1928 that no promises have been made that have not been fulfilled, and on the other, the statement of the present governor that he is trying to effect reforms that should have been begun a generation ago. One is inclined to believe the latter after discovering that attempts to alléviate the plight of the people were first begun during the governorship of Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., during the Hoover administration. In 1933 relief on a large scale was inaugurated by the U. S. government, under the Federal Emergency Relief Administration. Up to 1937 about \$182 million was spent. In that year, anticipating the abandonment of this legislation, President Roosevelt created the Puerto Rican Reconstruction Administration. In six years the government spent over \$86 million. From July, 1938, to June, 1943, WPA expenditures on military projects totaled another \$45 million. Failure to advance Puerto Rican prosperity has not been due to a lack of U. S. funds.

In 1937 a report on the work of reconstruction stressed the fact that the island would never be prosperous unless it underwent basic reorganization. A purely agricultural economy, especially one so specialized, cannot support a dense population. The fact that absentee-owned corporations control

one-fourth of the national income is actually a minor factor in the country's degradation, since the employees of the corporations are the least destitute of all peasant families. The objectionable influence of the corporations lies chiefly in their attempts to keep the island on an agricultural basis. Lack of fuel for power is one of the chief natural drawbacks to industrialization. The greatest asset of the island is its manpower. Apparently the prosperity of the island will depend upon a full use of this asset in industry.

The rum industry is the only one in a thriving condition, with sales growing yearly. The needlework industry, once important, has fallen to practically nothing because of the effect of the Wages and Hours Act, which paid higher prices to workers but made the ultimate price of the articles prohibitive. Tourist trade suffers from lack of good hotels, good food, a safe water supply, and sport facilities. Yet this is probably the one industry for which Puerto Rico by nature is best suited, and which might be built up with least expense.

The U. S. prides itself on its educational system as a blessing of its government. This has been extended to Puerto Rico. In 1898 there were few schools, and 85% of the 815,000 were illiterate. Today there are 1,800 schools, and illiteracy has dropped to 30% of the 2 million people. However, in 1944, one-third of Puerto Rican children are getting no schooling at all, and half of those in attendance go no further than the 4th grade. The 1940 census lists

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6,000 teachers with an average yearly salary of \$834. For education, the amount of money spent per capita of the total population was \$3.99. The amount for Ohio was \$19.82, and the average in the U. S. was \$17.17. Evidently not enough has been done for education.

Of all the blessings which have come to Puerto Rico through our government, those of freedom of speech and right to vote seem to be the ones through which the present condition of the island can be remedied. It was by convincing the common workmen of the island that they must not continue to sell their liberties to the moneyed interests that the new Populares party was able to control the vote in the island legislature and put into action reforms which had stagnated for years. Munoz-Marin, the new leader, is backed up by Governor Tugwell in what is known as the Munoz-Tugwell little New Deal. Their plans have been bitterly criticized by the congressional committees on insular affairs, apparently more interested in antiadministration politics than the welfare of Puerto Rico. Tugwell's opponents are aided by Bolivar Pagan, the delegate

from Puerto Rico, who serves on the House Committee and represents the sugar corporations, wealthy farmers, large importers, and the like, who lost out in the 1940 election, and are seeking to prolong their control. Efforts were made to remove Tugwell. In 1943, however, the Chavez Investigating Committee of the Senate presented a fairer report, which exonerated Tugwell and rejected the claims that the Puerto Rican Legislature was trying to do what was unconstitutional.

But Puerto Rico has suffered all through the years from inadequate measures in Washington. Now that the general public has been aroused from indifference by recent newspaper and magazine articles, perhaps some more stable form of control will be set up.

Governor Tugwell publicly stated (and the statement was seconded by Bishop Willinger of Ponce) that the conditions in the island are as bad as, if not worse than, when the U. S. acquired it. However, it looks as if the revolutionary period, politically and economically, through which Puerto Rico is passing, will certainly bring about improvement.



### Oratory Versus Truth

The fiery orator, after recounting a series of grievances wholly imaginary, concluded with the question, which he meant to be rhetorical, "Gentlemen, are you going to take this lying down?" Prompt came the answer from a voice in the audience, "We needn't bother. The reporters are doing that!" Reminds one of some funeral panegyrics, when one man is lying in the nave, the other in the pulpit!

*Holy Roodlets (Nov. '44).*



# Front-Line Funeral

By CHARLES FRANKLIN EDMUNDSON

Condensed from the *American Legion Magazine*\*

All night long I had lain in the fox-hole with Capt. Reginald Bilado, listening to the crack of rifles, the stuttering of machine guns and the burst of hand grenades in the battalion holding the sector of the Munda front just to our right.

The wounded were being taken back to the rear, borne on litters made by stretching a blanket or a shelter-half between two peeled saplings. Behind the wounded, borne on the same kind of litters, came the dead. Leading the procession was Father Neil Doyle, a handsome young Irish priest with the build of a Loyola fullback. "The infiltrators got them," he said. "Eight men killed in my outfit. Come and help us bury the dead."

He led the way up the muddy jungle path, past the litters of wounded, toward the top of the hill. At the hilltop we broke off through the undergrowth and soon came to a newly cleared space under a towering banyan tree where a group of weary soldiers were digging the last of the eight graves.

Even before all of the dead were brought up, snipers in the surrounding trees were firing at the burial party. A few of the soldiers hit the ground, but most of them, like Father Doyle, took less notice than civilians would of exploding firecrackers.

A soldier named Stephanski, from Milwaukee, began talking to me.

"This banyan tree," he explained, "just yesterday morning was a Japanese strong point. You can see back there in the roots where they had their machine gun. We finally got them out with a flamethrower."

"We shot two snipers out of this tree, but I'm pretty sure there are some more up there. It's so tall you can't see their nests."

By now the rest of the dead had been brought up, each corpse laid lengthwise at the edge of a grave. A few litter-bearers remained for the service, welcoming a rest from their hard labor. The only others present were a handful of the comrades of the dead.

The men stop talking as the chaplain takes his place at the front of the graves. There is no music and no song, except the siren whine of artillery shells passing overhead on their way toward the enemy line a quarter of a mile away. Father Doyle wears no stole, nor anything to distinguish him from other soldiers except the small gold cross on his collar. He starts reading from the Ritual: "Out of the depths I cry to Thee, Lord. O Lord, hearken to my voice. . . . My soul waiteth for the Lord. From the morning watch even

\*1 Park Ave., New York City, 16. November, 1944.

until night let Israel wait for the Lord. For with the Lord is loving kindness and plenteous redemption is with Him."

The soldiers exchanged glances, for men who wait for the slow dawn in foxholes this has special meaning.

The strong voice of the padre goes on: "Through the bowels of the mercy of our God: in which the dayspring from on high hath visited us. To enlighten them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death; to direct our feet into the way of peace."

The duel of the mortars breaks loose again; a shell bursts close by, showering the trees with shrapnel.

"Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. I am the resurrection and the life; he who believeth in Me, although he be dead, shall live; and everyone who liveth and believeth in Me shall not die forever."

Down toward the battle line the machine guns are clattering madly; perhaps the Japs are counterattacking. The snipers in the trees to the front are shooting down again at the funeral party; though their aim is bad, some of the men are frightened. For four days they have not slept, and the strain is telling. Soldiers who must go back to battle cannot weep, but tears are gathering in the eyes of a young Pole, and others, too, are affected. Father Doyle is watching; he knows tears are not for soldiers.

"Repeat the Lord's Prayer with me," he commands, and his voice is stronger and more impersonal than before,

almost casual. In quiet, impersonal voices all the soldiers pray: "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done. Forgive us our trespasses (Father Doyle drops out and the men carry on) as we forgive those . . . deliver us from evil."

The weakest of the soldiers feels stronger now; no one will break down now. The padre prays again: "Come to their assistance, ye saints of God and ye angels of the Lord come to meet them, holding up their souls, and offering them in the presence of the most high God. May Christ who called thee, receive thee; and may the angels carry thee to Abraham's bosom."

The snipers are shooting again. Father Doyle pauses and shakes his fist up at the trees: "Never mind those so-and-so's," he cries out angrily. "They can't hit anything. We'll take care of them later."

He goes on. "Deliver them, O Lord, from everlasting death in that dread day, when heaven and earth shall quake."

His voice, lost in the booming of the artillery, comes back. "That day of wrath, of woe, and of tribulation."

The Avengers and the Dauntless bombers are dropping thousand-pound bombs on Munda, and Zeroes and Kittyhawks are swirling about in a dog-fight overhead, almost out of sight. But Father Doyle prays on: "May the angels lead them into paradise: may the martyrs receive them at their coming, and lead them into the holy city of Jerusalem. May the choir of angels receive them, and may they have eternal rest with Lazarus, who once was poor.

O God, through whose mercy the souls of the faithful find rest, do Thou bless these graves and give Thy holy angel charge over them; loose from the chains of sins the souls of all those whose bodies lie buried here."

Now the sun is breaking through the overcast, and in the trees, not for the first time during the service, a bird trills a note in the lull of battle this tropic-winter day in 1943.

The padre, first with a sweeping gesture of invocation, and then with the sign of the cross, blesses each grave.

The benediction is given in Latin and then in English. Then, "Lower the bodies." No songs; no taps; no tears; this is a front-line funeral.

Father Doyle and I sat down on empty ammunition cases, and I asked him some questions. He was 35, had attended St. Bernard's Seminary in Rochester; and came from Waterbury,

Conn. He did not think he took too great chances with snipers.

Father Doyle and I shook hands. "Good luck!" we said, at the battle front no empty phrase. As I walked away he called to me to look up Father Malloy when I got back to the rear base from this trip.

Three weeks later, at his little outdoor chapel down the hill from the handsome French cathedral, Father Malloy listened intently as I described Father Doyle's work at the front.

"There is a postscript to the story, you know," he said quietly. "Father Doyle was shot in the leg only a day or two after you saw him. Infection set in; there was a delayed operation, but he died.

"I have been told that he was killed by a Jap who cried, 'I'm wounded; I want the padre.' When Father Doyle went up he was shot."



## Due Back

The scientists are scaring us again. The other day a professor of anthropology told the National Committee for Mental Hygiene that after the war there will be a revival of something like Ku Kluxism. How does he know? Well, he says "that the imminent creation of such an organization, or the revival in full force of the Ku Klux Klan, is a real possibility; we have only to look at our history. Within the last 100 years, there have been three nationwide organizations that threatened our internal peace and security, the Know-Nothings in the decade preceding the Civil War, the American Protective Association before the Spanish-American War, and the second Ku Klux Klan after the World War."

This proof is not very scientific; proofs are often that way, but the professor has something. It reminds us that Kluxism, fascism, naziism, and communism are each grapes from the same vine: they are the grapes of wrath.

Don Capellano in the *Labor Leader* (17 Nov. '44).

# Credit Union in Jamaica

By JOHN PETER SULLIVAN, S.J.

Condensed from the *Bridge*\*

The "power play" in a pinch

**This**, gentlemen, is no fish story. It would be easy to go ecstatic in lyricizing the young co-op organizers of the Sodality Credit Union, Ltd., of Kingston, Jamaica, down Caribbean way. But here are the facts whose articulation simply cannot be missed all over this little island in the tropical seas.

These Sodality credit unionists have no credit-union law, no resources, practically no literature, lots of discouragement; but let the facts do the talking:

Membership. March, 1941: 14; January, 1944: 125.

But note, there were many more applicants; but they fell down on the study-clubbing prerequisite for membership. If this were waived, we would have 500 storming the gates tomorrow!

Savings in shares. March, 1941: \$1.75; January, 1944: \$5,575.

Savings in deposits. March, 1941: none; January, 1944: \$1.95.

Note: Average individual share holding is about \$45. Weekly salary of those in credit union who have jobs is roughly \$10.

Loans. March, 1941: none; June, 1942: none; July, 1942, to January, 1944: \$10,495; January, 1943, to January, 1944: \$8,490.

Loans during 1943: 134 applications;

130 granted (two applications were rejected; two were withdrawn by the applicants themselves). Average, more than one loan per member for year. Of the \$8,490 loaned, co-signers served as security for \$870; the borrower's signature alone obtained \$730.

Note: There are no bad loans. In September, 1943, the maximum sheer "character" loan was raised from \$25 to \$50, which amount is comparable to a much larger limit on the continent.

Loans were granted for numerous purposes, ranging from one for funeral expenses to 27 for clothing purchases. Second greatest number, 24, were for consolidation of debts. Christmas purchases ranked high, numbering 16, and loans ranging in number from 10 to 14 were approved for life insurance, purchase and repair of bicycles, furniture, and education.

A 4% dividend was paid on shares; 2% interest on deposits.

Approximately 77% of the membership call at the credit-union office each week. This is particularly gratifying because it is apparent that the office is not regarded as a mere shilling-collection center; but rather as an occasion to: 1. see the latest bulletins on co-op trends inside and outside our credit unions; 2. discuss mutual problems with fellow members; 3. get to know

\*Raiffeisen House, Madison, 1, Wis. August, 1944.



other members (a tangible help if you should want a future co-maker for yourself or if you should be asked to endorse for another).

There's the record! And they said, "It can't happen here."

But why has it worked? There are many reasons: First, the grace of God. Second, allied to that, our officers. For if I were to whisper to you the hours and hours after their day's work downtown is done, the week days, the Sundays, the holidays, and on some occasions far into the night, that our superegenerous officers have worked: checking accounts and reports, sitting in on late emergency loan applications; if I were to reveal the meals they have missed, of the battle they have put up to fight off discouragement, weariness, sleepiness; to fight off, particularly, the ennui and boredom, inevitable consequence of constant meetings, and all this gratuitously and without any kicking over "what am I getting out of this?"—why, I am afraid that the aver-

age citizen just would not believe me.

The secret definitely is not technique only. I know credit unions wherein the officers know the rules, and all the answers. But that is not enough, if my experience in tropic credit unions counts. For over and beyond the mere technique is the motivation, not just a "feeling" but a rationalized conviction, subjectively appreciated and objectively lived, that I am my brother's keeper. Without this realistic conviction, I cannot for the life of me see how a credit union operating without salaries can possibly last.

To me, a New England Yank, the drive of these boys right through the never-ceasing sun and heat and what-have-you of the Caribbean fills me with awe and inspiration. Back home on Boston gridirons, when spinners and end runs and passes failed, we used to fall back on the "power play." Power play! The power of prayer. That's these Sodal-actionists here on the Spanish Main.



### Sense of Values

The old pastor of the summer-resort town was growing a little impatient with the styles that were being brought to his little church. He much objected to girls in shorts entering the church. So when down the avenue he saw the young lady in abbreviated shorts, he growled, turned to his assistant and said, "Go down and see if you can't, without being too rude, keep her out."

The assistant found the young lady standing outside the church hesitating. This, he thought, was a helpful sign. So he approached her, only to discover she wished to speak to him first.

"I'm so glad you came out, Father," she smiled in all sincerity and innocence. "I'm hesitating about going into church. You see, I have nothing to put on my head."

From the column *Along the Way* (NCWC) by Daniel A. Lord, S.J. (23 Nov. '44).



# Consumer Lending

By BERNARD W. DEMPSEY, S.J.

Condensed from an address\*

**When we** talk about small loans, we may never lose sight of the fact that according to the principles of both charity and justice, a person who is approached by someone in genuine distress may have an obligation to lend to that person without any interest whatsoever; and in cases of extreme and acute distress, without asking for the return of the principal; and the failure to make such a loan may be gravely wrong.

The state has a secondary, but legitimate, role in control of money lending. It is secondary, because the state must never substitute itself for personal activity, when the persons or groups concerned are able to serve themselves. And when they are unable to serve themselves, the state shall not interfere directly if the good can be attained indirectly, as for example, by the passage of enabling legislation, or by the legal protection of, subsidy of, or cooperation with existing organizations. But the activity of the state, though secondary, is legitimate, because there are markets in which the consumer, for one reason or another, is unable to judge the product which he buys. If no quasi-public body can perform the function, the state, in such cases, may take the steps necessary either to protect the consumer, or to enable him to make an intelligent choice. The sim-

plest case of this is in those complex affairs that pertain to health: foods, drugs, and medicine. Even in those cases, it would be further from the nazi method, and closer to the American, if the dairies or other food producers, the pharmacists and physicians, had their own governing bodies which would enforce regulations for protection of the consumer. But the action of the state is clearly legitimate; and just as clearly the absence of the law does not make it just for anyone to sell tubercular milk. As always, the personal right and obligation comes before the merely civil one.

If the state may legitimately undertake to control the small-loan market, and establish rates and other conditions under which these loans may be made, what are the factors that must govern that rate and those conditions? This is a subject on which the Church has long held views, views which were enforced in spite of great unpopularity and misunderstanding, and views which the Church held to and altered not a bit when they were ridiculed by the liberal economists of the 19th century. The monetary lessons of the last World War caused the economists to examine their premises, and they abandoned the views of their 19th-century predecessors, because the errors were evident, and have come to hold theo-

\*15th Annual Convention of the Consumers' Lending Institute, St. Louis, Mo. May 16, 1944.

ries which, while not identical in practical policies with the traditional teaching of the Church, are absolutely consistent with it, and have brought about a change in the attitude of the economists toward usury.

Combining, therefore, the results of the traditional teaching of the Church, and the findings of the last generation of economists, we can set down the following considerations which must govern the decision of the state in determining the rate and the conditions on which small loans may be made:

1. The status of the individual borrower, as such, is not a factor in determining the rate charge. Neither is the greatness of his need, nor his capacity to pay.

We say the status of the individual borrower *as such*, because insofar as the status of the borrower may impose a genuine cost upon the lender, it may be a factor. But the mere fact that a man needs money does not justify the charging of a higher rate. No one would approve of a druggist who charged a higher rate in those cases where he knew a person was acutely in need of medicine. The price of medicine is governed by its cost of production, and the common judgment of its worth on the part of the community, including the consumers of this particular medicine. And likewise a common judgment of the value of money constitutes its fair price, not the special need of the individual borrower.

2. In an organized market, money has a common price, which, if market imperfections are not too great, may

be presumed to be a fair price.

The market must be organized, and borrowers must be in a position to shop around from one lender to another, and take advantage of the most favorable rates. In such a market, operating under civil laws to prevent obvious fraud, with numerous lenders and borrowers, a price of money, that is, a rate of interest, may emerge which we can accept as a fair price. Actually, the imperfections of money markets in the U. S. are great; the rate of interest does not respond quickly in many areas to those factors which we know should influence it. Nevertheless, it would not be easy to prove that a 7% or 8% customer's rate at the commercial banks is unjust.

Given these two considerations, we may say that the sole determinants of the just price of a loan, that is, of a fair rate of interest, are two: the common price of money, sometimes called pure interest, and the cost to the lender. The common price of money is known as the price that is paid for money in markets that are fair, public, organized, and competitive. It may be judged from the price of government bonds, and of good industrial bonds and utilities, from the average customer rate at banks doing a diversified and competitive business.

The cost to the lender involves first of all this common price of money, because if money has a common price, a lender, when he makes a loan, surrenders not only the value of the money as used in exchange, but this extra value of cash in hand, upon which the

market has set a common value. Secondly, the cost to the lender involves any risk undertaken. Risk is a cost.

3. The lender has a just claim to compensation for any direct cost occasioned by the loan.

This includes the cost of doing business if he is a professional lender, the maintenance of a requisite staff, the cost of keeping records, maintaining correspondence, cost of collection, and the like. This cost of doing business includes the expense of investigation, which must be reckoned as part of the normal outlay of operations, but which can scarcely be reckoned as a separate cost independently of the normal expense involved in doing business.

These three taken together constitute the complete title of a lender to compensation. Their sum represents interest. Pure interest, the common value of money in hand, is but one element in this, but interest is the payment made for the use of money, and when the use of money involves other costs to the lender, for which he may legitimately be compensated, the sum of these costs is interest. And any payment beyond the sum of these costs is usury, and is something to which the lender has no title.

Now, in the light of these ideas, from time immemorial, usury, regardless of a civil law, has been defined by moral theologians as gain from the loan of a standard good. A standard good is a good of such character that I am not concerned with getting back the identical object that I loaned, but one of the same standard kind. If one

college boy lends another his dress suit, he expects to receive back his own dress suit. But if he also loans a \$10 bill, he does not expect that particular bill back. He is perfectly satisfied if he gets back another just like the first one, and when he gets one back, he is in exactly the same economic condition that he was before, and considering the bare transaction, has done nothing for which he deserves compensation. The compensation must be derived from the circumstances attending the loan, circumstances imposing a cost on the lender.

The need of the borrower, of itself, imposes no cost upon the lender. Only insofar as the condition of a whole class of borrowers may constitute a risk may the condition of the borrower be regarded as a common cost, and be a factor in setting a legal rate. For then, though originating in the circumstances of the borrower, it does affect the economic condition of the lender. But on the loan of a standard object, there can be no charge to a borrower that does not correspond to a real cost to a lender. And regardless of what such a charge may be called, and regardless of how it may be mixed up with real and fictitious sales or rentals, if the net result is the loan of money to a borrower, any charge made which does not correspond to a real cost is usury, an unjust charge which must be restored, regardless of the civil law.

At present, the calculation of fair interest rates is, as a practical matter, extremely difficult. The price of money, like the price of any other commodity

or service, is strongly affected by its supply. As a result of clear-cut government policy for the last ten years, the supply of money in the U. S. is far greater than it ever was before. Not only is the supply of money larger, but it has been growing steadily. Under such conditions of large but unstable supply, a fair price is difficult to estimate with accuracy, but it can be declared with assurance that the price is low.

To come then to immediately practical considerations, we may say the control of usury in the U. S. should proceed in two principal steps:

1. The various governments, local, state, and federal, should encourage and promote establishment of those agencies which make possible small loans with a minimum of cost to the lender, and therefore, at a minimum rate of interest to the borrower.

Obviously the most satisfactory institution of that kind is the credit union, in which a group of savers lend to themselves, minimizing the cost of collection and investigation, and ultimately sharing in the net revenues

arising from the transactions. Such cooperative group action is the direct opposite of the nazi viewpoint of looking to the state for the solution of our problems. It encourages the kind of self-help, that "town-meeting" cooperation, which is at the base of so much of America's accomplishment.

2. To the extent that these organizations do not exist, for the type of loans that these organizations cannot handle, it seems appropriate that government, at any level, adopt the same device for protection of the consumer that we use in all other cases where the consumer is incapable of making an intelligent choice for himself. In the case at hand, this would involve imposing upon all lenders standard forms of agreement, drawn up by public authority, without which loans below a certain amount would be unenforceable and uncollectible. The law should require that such forms show upon their face all costs involved in the loan, totaled, and stated as an annual rate of interest. Only then can the consumer be enabled to know what he is buying, and what he is paying for it.



Father Fox of the Paulist Fathers was conducting a mission at Camp Upton. In a strange mixup a Catholic boy was chaplain's assistant to a Protestant Church of Christ chaplain. But over a long period and at considerable inconvenience the chaplain excused his assistant from participating in Protestant services or doing anything contrary to conscience. When the mission came along the Protestant chaplain, Chaplain Peters, arranged for the Catholic boys of his battalion to attend Catholic services and sent up his Catholic assistant to serve at the mission.

Chaplain Maurice Fitzgerald, C.S.P.



# Faithfully Yours

By a WAVE

## In defense of a decision

In this letter to her former teacher, a WAVE, who since enlistment has become a Catholic, traces the circumstances that led her into the Church, and reveals the sense of security and peace that faith has brought. The letter that impelled this effective explanation had chided her as being too much a thinker and democrat to take the step already taken. Obvious reticence suggests the anonymity we have respected.

**Dear old friend:** Your letter came yesterday. I'm dreadfully sorry you feel the way you do and I'm going to try and explain why I made the change and just hope that you understand.

First of all, I'm not just thinking of becoming a Catholic. I am a Catholic and have been for some time. It isn't something that I just jumped into. I thought about it for quite a while. If I hadn't left home and come in contact with Catholics, I probably would have never made the change. It started at Hunter. While we were there, everyone had to go to church. Well, to me it was a chore. As you no doubt remember, I wasn't very interested in the church at home.

The girls in my room who were Catholic didn't consider it something they had to do at all. They didn't mind getting up at 5:45 on Sunday morning and marching the distance from the barracks to the church. It meant so much to them that they overlooked the small inconveniences.

When we were transferred to Stillwater, it was left up to us whether we went to church or not, and I didn't go.

Sleeping in the morning was such a luxury and I wasn't the least bit interested in going, so I just stayed in bed.

My best girl friend is Catholic. I met her in Stillwater. We came to Washington together and are roommates. I went to church with her a few times. You can't live with a person and be as close as we are and not see how great a part religion plays in her life. So I started wondering. Why doesn't my faith mean as much to me? It isn't that she's deeply religious and pious. It's just that she has a firm foundation upon which to base her faith.

Then I became very good friends with one of the girls I work with. She's Catholic, too, and while we're working, we discuss lots of things. Religion is one of them. I found the Catholic religion very interesting and decided to find out more about it. I went into the theology and history of it, but with no real thought of turning Catholic. It was just a subject I knew nothing about. The more I found about it, the more interesting it became. It seemed so right and logical. The Bible says that Christ founded a Church. Remember, He said to Peter, "Upon this rock I build My Church." History tells us that the Catholic Church was the first Church. So it just follows that the Catholic Church is the one He founded. I read quite a few books about it, how it affected Italy, France, Germany and England. A few times in history it



seemed doomed, but each time it built itself up, and each time it was stronger than ever. Show me another church that has held up so long against so many things and grows stronger day by day. I found out how different men, such as Martin Luther, Henry VIII, etc., broke away from the Church and founded their own religion and interpreted the Bible their own way.

After I had studied and read these books, written by Catholics and non-Catholics, I knew I had gone as far as I could alone. I took a course of instructions from a priest here. I spent two and three hours with him every other day for three weeks. The points I wasn't clear on he explained, and to my satisfaction. At the end, I was completely convinced I had found the right and only religion, one that could be a part of me day after day. There was nothing to do but turn Catholic. I believe in it without doubt and without reservation. I couldn't believe anything else.

Not knowing what you believe and think about the Catholic Church, I'm not sure I know how to clear it up. My mother had some pretty weird ideas on it. For instance, she thought you paid the priest money to get into heaven, and the more you paid him the higher you went. That is the most absurd thing I've ever heard. The only money you give is the amount you put into the collection basket when they pass it at Mass. Another thing that is said is that they don't allow you to read the Bible. I read mine every day. They don't try to do your thinking for

you. In fact, since I've become a Catholic, I think more than ever for myself.

I will admit that the Catholic Church is autocratic. You can compare it with the Navy, and the Navy is very autocratic. Instead of having an admiral, we have God; instead of having a vice admiral, we have a Pope, a direct descendant of Peter; instead of the officers directly over us, we have bishops and priests. But as the Navy is a means to an end, the end being victory, so is the Catholic Church a means to an end, the end being heaven. But it is also very democratic, in another sense. It is open to everyone, rich or poor, colored or white, regardless of race. The same prayers are being said by everyone and for everyone. I know that in every town, city, state, and country there are people who believe exactly what I do and the Mass they go to is the same as mine. And that number is growing every day.

We don't pray to images. Just as you would do something, like tying a string around your finger, to remind you to do something, a crucifix reminds us that Christ died on the cross for our sins and so we pray because we are humble and grateful. Confession and Communion are two of the most wonderful experiences I've ever had. You have heard the phrase "to be born again": well, that is exactly how I feel. You go to confession and talk to the priest, a human representative of God, and tell him any and all the sins you've committed. He doesn't even know who you are and doesn't see you. If you are honestly sorry and firmly resolved that

it won't happen again, you're forgiven. It's as if it never happened. I've never felt so wonderful as I do after I go to confession.

I'm sending you a book. Please find time to read it. It expresses what I've tried to say much better than I've done it. I can't put it all in words. It's just something that I feel very deeply and is a firm and constant part of my life.

I don't know if I've made this very clear or not, but I do hope you understand, and although you are against

the Catholic Church you can see I have found a faith I can live in happily, and believe in, mind and body and soul. I don't say that no other religion exists, I just say that you can not have two right answers, and that mine is the right one.

Please write and tell me what you think about it now. I will be waiting for your answer. It means an awfully lot to me to have you understand, and even if you can't approve, believe that I am happy in it.



### Simile

The man who is just to his neighbor, but does not bother about his duty of religion, is the kind of man who pays the baker for the bread he puts into his body, but nothing to God for the body he puts the bread into.

From *Radio Replies* by Leslie Rumble.



### You'll See Him There

A Scotch girl, rosy-cheeked and demure, was in one corner of a compartment in a continental train. In the corner opposite sat an atheist. The Scotch girl was reading the Bible. The atheist noticed this and after looking the girl over critically, asked whether she actually believed all she found in the Bible.

"Aye," answered she, raising her eyes to him from the page.

"Not the story of Adam and Eve?"

"Aye."

"And of Cain and Abel?"

"Aye."

"But certainly you don't believe the story of Jonas and the whale?"

The girl said she believed that, too. The atheist was puzzled.

"But how are you going to prove it? Ask Jonas when you get to heaven?"

That idea struck the girl as a good one, and she said she could prove it that way.

"Suppose he isn't there? What then? How would you prove it?"

"Ah," said the demure maiden, "then you ask him."

*The Sign* (Sept. '44).

# Two Men of Bayou Country

By HARNETT T. KANE

Condensed chapter of a book\*

They did it the hard way

Over a period of slightly less than a half century, two priests served in the Mississippi River Delta as pastors. Widely different individuals, they had widely varying interests, but to a large degree they made themselves one with their place and people. Each was what the other Deltans call a rare duck, a personage of much salt and some spice, one to make his friends slap their knees, say "Him? Hol!" and then recount a string of tales.

When A. Barthélemy Langlois, a tall, shy young man of 25, stepped off a gangplank on a December morning in 1857 at Point à la Hache, no delegation awaited. He was born in a small community in central France, and was one of four brothers who were priests. Only a few years earlier, his Delta predecessor, Father Nicolas Savelli, had been killed by a furious mob. The new arrival walked into the church, to see cobwebs everywhere, over the windows, among the pews.

For a day he kept to himself. None approached; those who passed looked the other way. "Then I must go to them," he said. He stopped a man on the road. Where was the best place to find them? The answer came quickly, with a grin, "The saloon!" The young priest walked slowly to that establishment. Only the bartender was there, and he was not pleased at the visit.

Father Langlois stepped forward and said, "Well, Monsieur, I am your new priest."

"Oh, are you?" A pause. "You know what we did to the last one. We can do that to you, too."

"I hope you won't."

"We'll see."

"Well, anyway, will you take a glass of beer with me?"

With some hesitation, the bartender agreed. After a few more exchanges, only slightly less sharp, the man at the bar made a small concession, "You may do. We shall see." Such was the introduction of Father Langlois to his people.

Two days later was Sunday. The priest offered Mass in an empty church. A few days later a well-known resident died, and a funeral was requested. The newcomer worked hard and long at his sermon. He was rewarded when several diffident men and women stayed behind a minute or two. A slow fight had begun.

He found the people grateful for help, but hesitant, silent, difficult to engage in conversation. At first he could not understand many of their words, but eventually he surmounted this barrier. Yet of all places in America, this was one of the most unpromising for a cloistered youth with the tastes of a classicist. A. Barthélemy Langlois had

\*Deep Delta Country. 1944. Duell, Sloan & Pearce, New York City. 283 pp. \$3.

long hours to himself. He studied too hard. His eyes bothered him; he knew he needed a change, to take him into the open.

In France, at the seminary at Lyons, he had become an ardent botany student. Now he looked more closely at the natural world of lower Louisiana. The heat, the pounding rains, and the shower-like dews and fogs produced a wealth of foliage extraordinary to one accustomed to the ordered fields of France.

The priest inquired about books on the plants and flowers of Louisiana. His letters came back promptly; there were none. Intrigued, he began to examine the burgeoning growths and to question the natives. Those tall purple plants that came with the first spring air, what did they call them? These small flowering brown things, how long had they been seeing them? The Deltans frequently had only looks of blank surprise for him. For some growths they offered their own names. Tha's *herbe à huître* (oyster grass); the kind over there, tha's *herbe à cayman* (alligator grass), and next to it, jus' *jonc rond*, cane grass. When Father Langlois obtained standard listings of plants, with neat Latin titles, and tried to compare them with the patois words, he was in a quandary. He would have to dig hard. Interest in botany was developing in the U. S.; but he was a newcomer and did not know how to proceed. He had a few names of naturalists in France; he would collect what he could, and then get in touch with them.

He put together samples of 300 species, some of them items that had never been gathered before. Carefully he addressed the bulky parcel to France and returned to his regular duties. He knew it would be some time before an answer could be expected. Like others in the Delta, he was learning patience.

Months went by with no word. Slowly he realized that he would receive none. He never knew what did happen to that precious package. For 10 years, for 15, he forced his attention in spare moments to other things. He read intensively again. But often he found items that started his speculations. Hadn't he come upon a peculiar plant like the illustration in this journal? And as he was rowed along narrow canals he still reached out to pluck off an occasional wine-colored lily and examine it in the bright sun. Yet he always asked himself if this interest was of any worth to him or anyone else. He was busier now with his pastoral duties; he was acquiring additional assurance, and making his way with the people.

A few Deltans, now old, remember him as "very French and very serious," yet a man who could turn suddenly with a quip that made trappers and rice growers roar with glee. He had lost his early austerity; the Delta had taught him much.

One day Langlois, after years of discouragement, decided to resume his study of the green universe about him. He purchased a general manual, a book on Southern flora; at least he would have some measure of guidance.



He heard of a botanist at a seminary in New York. He suggested a trade, Louisiana plants for others. He corresponded with teachers and research workers. Men who had first smiled now guffawed when they saw him, trousers rolled up, wading, slipping in the marsh, a metal box suspended about his neck. He let it be known that he wanted certain plants. Some who came to Mass from the back canals and the lakes brought containers that they deposited, with a touch of pride, in the aisle beside them. Everybody knew that they had plants for Father. Sometimes such containers held the wrong specimens, but on other occasions they made the priest-botanist's eyes sparkle.

He became one of the important botanists of his day, a pioneer in the wet ground of South Louisiana. Men of science wrote him; he was asked for articles, called upon to speak, to give his opinion on debated points. Growths that he discovered, lilies, tiny violets, ferns, and others, were named after him; and he published the first authoritative catalogue of Louisiana plants. Ironically, messages of inquiry or of praise came from France, whose reception of his first exhaustive effort had set him back more than a decade.

After 30 years, he prepared to leave for a new assignment at St. Martinville, in the heart of the "Evangeline" bayou country of Louisiana. Out of the marsh, from the oyster reefs, from the river mouths, thousands came for his last service, to cry at his farewell sermon, to shake hands with him.

When he died, his collections of more than 5,000 specimens were divided among several institutions in various parts of the country. He may be remembered as long as any modern man who lived among these watery fringes of land.

Thirty more years passed; church affairs at Pointe à la Hache waxed and waned. In 1917 another French priest took up an assignment here. He was Father Joseph Girault de la Corgnais, round-faced, 48 years old, and the master of a hurricane of energy. Not less important, he had a good measure of humor. He was born in Brittany, of a family whose members had served for generations in the French Marine; and he had worked for a time in other parts of Louisiana, but all of his career seemed a preparation for his stay in the Delta.

The new arrival snapped his fingers at his secular helpers, and told them to take him at once around his parish. He traveled by machine, by foot, by horse and, of course, by boat; he insisted on penetrating to the stretches farthest back.

It became known that he had once made medical studies; from then on, he was part-time doctor. He did everything but operate. "But I'm not forgetting the Church," he wagged his finger. "What do I get for binding this sprain? All right. Communion next Sunday, all 15 of you." Once Father Girault fixed a family with his eye, they attended.

If he wanted assistance, he obtained it. A man lay dying 20 miles away. In-



interrupted at his annual church fair, Father Girault demanded a lugger. When it was not immediately forthcoming, he commandeered one. In other matters he joked, bullied, and got what he asked for. If collection plates were empty, he told the parishioners to bring what they had, pelts, rice, oranges. After one trapping season he was presented with a small hill of muskrat pelts. He piled them into his car, drove to the Archbishop's residence in New Orleans and declared with a flourish, "*Monseigneur*, I have come to pay my diocesan fee." The prelate nodded, waited, lifted an eyebrow. "Right out here. Come." Father Girault flung open the car door, "All yours, *Monseigneur*, all yours." The Archbishop looked hard, sniffed delicately and turned, "It will be all right, Father. You may keep the fee." The priest kissed the ring, said "*Merci, Monseigneur*," and departed.

Soon he was deciding that without a boat he could never cover his parish. He obtained a spick-and-span motored vessel, the *St. Thomas*, with a shining cross on top. If the people could not go to the church, he would take the church to them. The appearance of the *St. Thomas* anywhere meant Mass on the spot, with attendance by all within hailing distance. Father Girault called for bridal parties in remote areas, rode all members to the church, and then returned them. When news of a death filtered through, he hurried to bring in the coffin and the family, and then took the people back to the lakes. On both trips, he was ready to save limbs

and lives. The boat always carried his small black kit with iodine, cotton, splints, and standard medicines.

At one time a vacancy occurred in the office of coroner. The political factions found someone on whom they could agree, Father Girault. They obtained the Archbishop's approval, and, as the Catholic historian Roger Baudier declares, he became perhaps the only American priest to assume such a post. He served also as probation and truant officer of the civil parish. Later the sheriff grew seriously ill, and plans were under way to put up Father Girault for the place, an even more unusual one for a clergyman. But the incumbent recovered.

Father Girault had meanwhile acquired the objects that gave him perhaps his greatest celebrity, his cannons. They were small brass ones that had seen service in European wars. They boomed on Sundays and holidays, but particularly when French vessels passed. "Pointe à la Hache, she is the second France!"

His church burned and there was little money to restore it. "Then we will go to the river like anybody else," he decreed. He and his parishioners fished for logs with the *St. Thomas*. He took saw and hammer and helped the men. To friends in New Orleans he wrote innumerable letters: "We need everything. Give what you can, anything from a nail to \$100." (Later he omitted this limitation.) He visited a plantation in its final stages of decay. "You don't have anybody to call to work with that bell," he observed. "I

can use it." A New Orleans amusement building was being removed. He called on the contractor to ask for the balustrade; it became the altar rail in the new church. Inspecting a hotel undergoing demolition, he saw a dusty telephone booth. Altered, it was the confessional.

In his new church as in his old, informality dominated. Sunday morning was a busy one: callers, conferences, other matters. Mass was seldom on time, but the parishioners understood. Father Girault owned a watch, but it is affirmed that none ever saw him consult it. The crowd waited patiently; only when the hour approached noon would one sidle up, "Father, getting late, ahn?" He would shrug, "Well, let's go." While services proceeded, he was a tyrant. A man who scraped his shoes unnecessarily, or a youth who squirmed, suddenly discovered the priest standing beside him. Would they tell him what was wrong, if they pleased? A stranger whose car had a flat tire near the church started to fix it there. Father Girault left the building to descend upon him; as the victim said later, "it was like hell came right out of the ground on top of me." And when a drunk wandered in one day, the priest caught him by the collar with one hand, the seat of the trousers with the other, and tossed him neatly out the window.

During his sermon, Father Girault ranged the aisles, slapping hands together for emphasis, pointing at this and that member, peering sharply at some open-mouthed fellow to whom

he thought the matter had particular application.

Now and then a breathless helper came in during a service to pull at the priest's sleeve. A body was floating down the river. As coroner, he must look into the matter. Father Girault paused momentarily to whisper back, "Throw a rope around it and tie it to something." Or, through the window, he caught sight of an approaching French vessel. A quick nod to his general factotum, and the cannon pounded outside while the service proceeded as if nothing had happened. In either case, as soon as the rites ended, priest and flock hurried to the levee.

A ship blew up in the river, and for long afterward, bodies of Chinese men came to the surface. They were horribly torn, and repellent in decay. None would touch them. As coroner and as priest, Father Girault went to the river, took the victims ashore, and dug graves with his own hands. When smallpox epidemics struck the Delta and most others were too frightened to approach the stricken ones, he went to the families, nursed them to health, or buried them. The American Red Cross decorated him with a gold medal, and the parish added a bronze one.

A man of his prestige and his warm insistence could advance measures at which many hesitated. Father Girault had a strong interest in the Delta Negroes; in the wake of new missions he helped set up schools, cajoled and pushed officials into supporting them, and otherwise looked to the welfare of the darker people. He helped them go to

school, found jobs for them; and every Sunday he drew them in large numbers to his services.

For 10 years Father Girault worked furiously in the Delta; then he became ill. As he languished, the French consul pinned upon him the Silver Palms of the French Academy. He remarked that he now had a bronze medal, a gold one, and a silver; the next would

be a wooden cross at his head. He predicted correctly. Today a native says, "That Father Girault, he jus' wear himself apart." Another pays him an ultimate compliment, "He had fault', yes, but they were good fault'."

In any case, not many other places could have fostered two such rare ducks, with or without salt, as Father Langlois and Father Girault.



### Street Scene

*(Bill, taxi driver, sitting in his cab at his regular street corner. Louie, another taximan, drives back from call, parks at opposite corner, runs over to Bill.)*

**Louie:** I meet Spiffer goin' into the Central Courts building. You know Spiffer, the guy with the wife who reads poetry at him.

**Bill:** Yeah, I know him. What's he goin' into Central Courts for?

**Louie:** You don't hear? His wife has a baby, and the apartment-house owner starts tryin' to throw him out. This landlord says Spiffer made an agreement not to bring children into the apartment and having a baby now is against OPA rules. Spiffer starts suit so the landlord can't throw him out.

**Bill:** I hope Spiffer wins.

**Louie:** So do I. Spiffer's so happy at havin' a baby. He says his wife won't be readin' so much poetry at him now.

**Bill:** There's nothing like a baby for takin' a woman's mind off of dizzy stuff like poetry and so forth. Mrs. Spiffer will be nutty about her baby now.

**Louie:** Yeah, she'll be throwin' the baby at Spiffer instead of the poetry. There's Flemmer, the guy who lives in the next apartment to the Spiffers.

**Flemmer:** Hello, Louie. Hello, Bill.

**Louie:** Did you hear how the Spiffer trial comes out?

**Flemmer:** Yes, Spiffer won. The judge said there was no OPA ceiling on babies. He said the birth of a baby does not constitute a nuisance and is not a violation of OPA regulations. So he wouldn't break Spiffer's lease.

**Louie:** We're sure glad to hear that. Tell Mr. and Mrs. Spiffer and the baby that Louie and Bill, the taxi drivers at the corner, send congrats.

**Flemmer:** I'll tell them. (He walks away.)

**Bill:** Louie, there's something wrong with this here setup when married people havin' a baby causes such a commotion.

**Louie:** I remember the time when married people was supposed to have children. Things sure have changed.

John A. Toomey in *America* (26 Aug. '44).

# Ecclesiastical-Court Machinery

By TED LE BERTHON

The Church isn't Reno-

Condensed from the *Tidings*\*

About one of every 12 persons in the archdiocese of Los Angeles who petition to have a legal marriage set aside by the Church as having been invalid in the sight of God, has his or her hopes realized, and even then it may take months, or more likely, years. And the same result will occur in any given case anywhere else if the evidence submitted is identical.

This is one of many reasons why any Catholic or non-Catholic, here or elsewhere, contemplating marriage should know a prospective life partner long and well, and approach marriage reverently, as indeed "a great sacrament."

The Rev. Dr. Daniel Collins is in charge of matrimonial cases for Archbishop John J. Cantwell. He estimates that some 3,000 persons came to see him within the past year to petition that the Church, through an ecclesiastical court, declare a marriage invalid. But of about 2,400 cases thus far closed, only 195 petitions were granted.

Virtually all the persons who call on him, Catholic and non-Catholic, sadly wind up, he says, by wishing they had been married in a society where divorce did not exist.

It is only a Catholic who can never contract a valid marriage outside the Church. The Church regards two Protestants as married in God's sight "until death" whether a Protestant

clergyman or justice of the peace officiated at their wedding, when each was marrying for the first time, voluntarily, with no fraud, grave misunderstanding, nor error involved. When such Protestants divorce, a Catholic may not be united in the sacrament of Matrimony to either of them while the person they first married is still living.

A great deal of grief would be avoided by Catholics if they would at no time keep company with any married person whose spouse is still living. A false impression has sprung up among some Catholics that they may prudently contemplate marriage with such a person because either that person or the one to whom he or she had once been civilly married had never been baptized. At the very outset of such an acquaintanceship, the Catholic should consult his or her pastor as to the other person's eligibility. No lay person's opinion should ever be accepted as final.

Petitions to have a marriage declared invalid, i. e., that no marriage ever existed, may be granted chiefly on five minor and four major grounds, although there are other grounds so rare and so complex that to grasp them and apply them to a case involves wide research in canon law.

The minor grounds are:

1. Previous bond. In this the peti-

\*3241 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles, 7, Calif. Nov. 17, 1944.



tioner must prove that his or her marriage is invalid due to the fact that the other party had been validly married previously.

2. Disparity of worship. It must be proved that the marriage in question had been solemnized by the Church, uniting a baptized Catholic to one not baptized in any sect, without a dispensation being obtained, through some misunderstanding or error.

3. Pauline privilege. In this instance, a convert to the Catholic faith who never had been previously baptized in any sect, and who while still unbaptized had contracted a marriage with another unbaptized person, may be united to a Catholic in the sacrament of Matrimony on proving three things: that neither party to the first union had ever been baptized; sincerity of conversion to the Catholic faith (the conversion had to be based on conviction, and not for the purpose of marrying the Catholic party); impossibility of reconciliation with the other party to the first union.

The Scriptural sanction for the Pauline privilege is in verses 12 to 15, inclusive, in the 7th chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, terminating with the words, "But if the unbeliever depart, let him depart. For a brother or sister is not under servitude in such cases. But God hath called us in peace."

4. Consanguinity. The petitioner is obliged to prove that he or she married a first or second cousin without securing a dispensation from the authorities of the Catholic Church.

5. Affinity. There must be proof that

the petitioner had married a deceased wife's sister, first cousin, or mother, or the decedent's daughter by a former marriage without having obtained the proper dispensation. The same applies to a woman who had married a deceased husband's relative in the same degrees.

The major grounds are: 1. lack of consent to the marriage on the part of one or both of the parties; 2. that one of the parties had been married under the influence of great force or fear; 3. that one of the parties was insane at the time of the marriage ceremony; 4. that the marriage had not been consummated.

Any prospective petitioner must first discuss his or her case with the pastor of the Catholic church nearest his or her place of legal residence. The pastor then transmits the essential information to the Chancery office. In about 95% of the cases the prospective petitioner has no genuine case at all, or if he or she has, has no chance whatsoever of proving it, such as when alleged witnesses to the truth of the claims set forth by the petitioner are known to be dead or have not been heard of in years.

The court corresponds with witnesses in cases scheduled for trial, no matter what part of the world they may be in. These witnesses may be priests, nuns, lay persons, Catholics or non-Catholics. Each must make a sworn statement before a specifically delegated priest notary in his or her own locality. In all cases, the priest notary appends his opinion of the credibility



of the statement and of the answers to questions put by him.

Minor cases, those involving one or more of the five minor grounds, are tried by a court of three priests of the archdiocese acting as judge, defensor vinculi, and notary, and the judgment is final.

Major cases are tried by seven archdiocesan priests, three being the judges, one acting as advocate for the plaintiff, one representing the defendant or the latter's interest, another acting as notary, and another acting as defensor vinculi, who argues the validity of the marriage in question, independent of the parties to it.

The judgment, in every major case, if favorable, must be appealed to another diocese's matrimonial court; if unfavorable it may be appealed by the petitioner within 10 days. The diocese of Monterey is this archdiocese's appellate court.

If judgment again goes against the plaintiff he or she may then appeal to Rome, in which event the evidence is forwarded to the Sacred Roman Rota.

The Chancellor of the diocese also handles the question of granting dispensations for mixed marriages where neither the Catholic nor the non-Catholic party has been married previously; and for marriages between presumed Catholics where, because of military necessity or other grave emergency,

there is insufficient time for the publication of banns.

The question of granting a Catholic permission to secure a civil divorce is also a problem for every Chancery office.

It is understood that such a divorce is not a rupture of the sacramental bond. Permission to sue for it is only granted when four conditions are met:

1. There appears no possible hope of reconciliation.
2. The parties must clearly understand that such permission does not confer upon them the right to remarry.
3. Where no other legal step could assure the necessary support or protection of the innocent party or of the children of the marriage.
4. Where it seems wholly just under the circumstances.

"Such permission is difficult to obtain," Father Collins says, "and rarely is granted. The Church is on the side of the cross and the supernatural, spiritual value of accepted suffering, which gives a human creature a high dignity, worth, and meaning, a likeness to Christ in Whom we are one. It is because of this scale of values that no priest of the Church will unite any two persons who happen along. He must be convinced they have known each other for an adequate period, regard marriage reverently, and are free and responsible."

The Pilgrim Fathers, as soon as they arrived on the shores of America, fell on their bended knees; but history tells us it wasn't long before they fell on the aborigines.

Holy Roodlets (Nov. '44).

# Brothers in Death

The greater love

By L. S. B. SHAPIRO

Condensed from a North American Newspaper Alliance dispatch\*

**Staff Sgt.** Gerald E. Sorensen was waist gunner in a Flying Fortress. He was a quiet youth of 24 who didn't talk much about the 28 missions he had flown over enemy territory. He looked forward to the end of his tour of operations (he had three more to go) and then perhaps a furlough back to Pocatello, Idaho.

He didn't drink nor use profanity; he was deeply religious. And he was a first-class waist gunner.

Jerry's ship "caught it" on the 29th mission. That was during the first week of last July. The Fort was rocked by flak all the way from Berlin to Düsseldorf on the return journey, and somewhere over Belgium the men bailed out.

Jerry dropped into a thick forest, wandered for two days, living on chocolate and benzedrine, until he was picked up by a patrol of Belgium's *Armee Blanche*, the secret force of young patriots sworn to the destruction of the German oppressor. No Gestapo surveillance had been able to stop them.

In the patrol was a 20-year-old named Roger Abeels. Jerry spoke nothing but English; Roger knew only French and Flemish. But they liked each other the moment they met, and when the patrol crawled out of the woods under cover of darkness Roger

took Jerry to his home on the outskirts of Enghien.

For two long months Jerry hid in the Abeels household. Roger's civilian clothes fitted him well, and Roger's father, mother, and sister grew to look upon Jerry as their second son and brother.

After a while Jerry began to pick up a smattering of French, and his Idaho pronunciation produced peals of laughter each evening in the modest Abeels' living room. Often the father would press Jerry's arm and say how sorry they would be when the time came for him to leave.

The Abeelses' 18-year-old daughter, Monique, was nicknamed Pest by Jerry, because she was always fluttering around when he and Roger were discussing the war or sports or cleaning Roger's hidden Sten gun. She revelled in the name Pest, probably because she didn't know its meaning.

So the summer sped by and Jerry had become a member of the family and Roger's inseparable companion. Each night the family gathered in the cellar to hear the British radio, and they traced the approach of the British armies toward Brussels with breathless enthusiasm.

Then came Saturday, Sept. 2. After dark that evening a messenger from

\* Reprinted by permission of the North American Newspaper Alliance, Inc., and the St. Paul Dispatch and Pioneer Press. Oct. 23, 1944.

the *Armee Blanche* dashed into the house with great news. British tanks were that night leaving Tournai, on the Franco-Belgian border, and heading straight for Brussels. After four years, liberation was almost at hand!

Roger was ordered to report to his company headquarters in the wood at six o'clock next morning; the *Armee Blanche* was going into open action against the enemy.

Mother Abeels cried a little as she dusted off Roger's secret uniform, white coveralls with an armband of black, red, and gold. Roger oiled his Sten gun, and Jerry tested its mechanism. It was a bittersweet evening; Mother Abeels continually cautioning Roger to be careful, and Papa Abeels recounting endless stories of liberation in 1918.

At five the next morning the entire household was awake. Mama Abeels and Monique were preparing breakfast. Papa Abeels was trying to pick up radio news. Roger came downstairs in his coveralls. Jerry followed later. The American wore his leather flying jacket and his Colt hung from his pistol belt.

"I'm going out with Roger," he announced as he sat down to breakfast.

The family was incredulous. "Not you," cried Papa Abeels. "You have no right, no duty to fight this day. This is a Belgian affair, is it not? You have done your full duty, all anyone can ask."

Besides, you have become our second son. We beg you, wait here for a few hours and then you will be safe. Do this, my son, please."

The frantic plea was wasted. "If Roger goes, I go," Jerry said. "If it's his war, it's my war. Anyway, we're pals; I wouldn't let him go in there without me. I figure I can take care of him a lot better than he can take care of himself." This he spoke in broken French augmented with many gestures.

They finished breakfast and left.

Early that afternoon, Sept. 3, a column of British tanks, rolling some six miles southwest of Enghien, was halted by a German battle group of Tiger tanks and infantry covering the highway. As the action began for possession of the highway, the Germans found themselves attacked from the rear by a company of Belgian irregulars. The battle was short and fierce. Within half an hour, the British tanks were racing toward Brussels.

The next day a British division mopping up on the flanks discovered a cluster of German and Belgian bodies in a wood off the highway. Lying side by side were Roger Abeels and Jerry Sorensen.

They were buried side by side and at the head of their graves were placed the crossed flags of the U. S. and Belgium. Papa and Mother Abeels and Pest take fresh flowers almost every day.

Are you interested in the Spanish edition of the CATHOLIC DIGEST? Students of the language should be, and everyone interested in our Southern neighbors. Use the special business-reply card facing page 73 and become a subscriber.

## Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Brogan, D. W. *THE AMERICAN CHARACTER*. New York: Knopf. 169 pp. \$2.50. How we strike an acute foreign observer who likes us and has seen us both in war and in peace.

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Brown, Joe E. *YOUR KIDS AND MINE*. New York: Doubleday. 192 pp. \$2. The Holy Ghost is hovering over the world—and Joe Brown proves it. Record of trip by beloved battlefront comedian who said he didn't tell a dirty story in 150,000 miles—nor ever.

\*\*\*

Burke-Gaffney, M. W. *KEPLER AND THE JESUITS*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 138 pp. \$2. Contacts of the Lutheran astronomer with Jesuit mathematicians and scientists when momentous discoveries were being made on sun, stars, and comets in the early 1600's.

\*\*\*

Burton, Katherine. *NO SHADOW OF TURNING; the Life of James Kent Stone (Father Fidelis of the Cross)*. New York: Longmans. 243 pp. \$2.50. Up to his 28th year, Kent Stone had been mountain-climber, soldier, minister and college head; then, as Catholic and Passionist missionary, he had a notable half-century career in Argentine, Brazil and Chile.

\*\*\*

Filas, F. L., S.J. *THE MAN NEAREST TO CHRIST; Nature and Historic Development of the Devotion to St. Joseph*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 217 pp. \$2.50. All that is known about St. Joseph, foster father of the Messiah. Standing at first in the background, his figure commanded a growing attention, culminating in his recognition as patron of the universal Church.

\*\*\*

Grant, Dorothy Fremont, compiler. *WAR IS MY PARISH; Anecdote and Comment*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 184 pp., ill. \$2.25. Pictures, letters, news notes, and stories. Chaplains ashore and afloat all over the world. Their view of men in the armed forces, and the men's opinion of them.

\*\*\*

Hatcher, Harlan. *THE GREAT LAKES*. New York: Oxford University Press. 284 pp., ill. \$3.50. Life currents along the greatest of inland waterway systems: Indian tribesmen; French explorers, missionaries and fur traders; wars; cities and immigrants; timber, fishing, ore and passenger fleets; a deep waterway.

\*\*\*

*THE NEW TESTAMENT of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; Newly Translated from the Vulgate Latin (by Ronald A. Knox)*. New York: Sheed & Ward. 573 pp. \$3. Aims at clearness, and uses no expression not current in modern English. Invests familiar passages with a new force and simplicity.

\*\*\*

Nourse, Mary A., and Goetz, Delia. *CHINA, COUNTRY OF CONTRASTS*. New York: Harcourt. 229 pp., ill. \$2.50. Popular, attractive introduction to history, life, work and play of the country that may be the final battleground of the war.

\*\*\*

Péguy, Charles. *MEN AND SAINTS; Prose and Poetry. Rendered into English by Anne and Julian Green*. New York: Pantheon Books. 303 pp. \$2.75. Essays, biography, poetry and reminiscence by a great French Catholic writer. French and English texts on facing pages.